D. Reisinger July 1 '71

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 54---No. 49. "Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, December 18, 1872. Established 1818.

THE BEAVER ARGUS
Is published every Wednesday in the old Argus building on Third Street, Beaver, Pa., at $2 per year in advance.
Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To insure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author.
Letters and communications should be addressed to
J. WEYAND, Beaver.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1,00 per square for first insertion, and [illegible] each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.
[illegible] equal to ten lines of this type [illegible] a square.
[illegible] Notices set under a head by [illegible] immediately after the local [illegible], will be charged ten cents a line [illegible] insertion.
[illegible] should be handed in [illegible] Monday noon to insure insertion [illegible] week's paper.

Business Directory.

BEAVER.

H. AGNEW. J. M. BUCHANAN.
AGNEW & BUCHANAN,
Attorney's at Law,
3rd Street, Beaver, Penn'a.

J. F. DUNLAP,
[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

J. D. RAMALEY'S
OPERA
Hat House,
AND
GENT'S FURNISHING
EMPORIUM,
No. 64 Fifth Avenue,
PITTSBURGH.
The Best Goods at Lowest Prices.
Goods sent to any address, on approval.
may24-ly

SPEYERER & SONS
ARE RECEIVING
A LARGE & WELL SELECTED [illegible]
NEW GOODS.
[illegible]
LOWEST CASH PRICES;
[illegible]
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS.
[illegible]
WHITE LEAD &
PAINTS
[illegible]
CANTON CITY Flour.
[illegible]
KEG WROUGHT NAILS.
[illegible]
TONS OF WHEELING IRON,
[illegible]
SPEYERER & SONS,
ROCHESTER.
[illegible] Paper Mills [illegible]

Miscellaneous.

John Moore,
DRUGGIST
Prescriptions Carefully and Accurately Compounded.
THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF
Garden and Flower Seeds.
Paints, Oils,
AND
DYE STUFFS:
ANILINE DYES OF ALL COLORS;
GLASS & PUTTY.
Special attention [illegible] to secure the best quality of [illegible] Lamp Trimmings, Lanterns &c.
A Large Assortment of
TOILET ARTICLES, SOAPS,
BRUSHES &
[illegible] ARTICLES,
Main Street, Beaver [illegible] Dec 7, '70tf

A. B. [illegible],
Bridge Street,
BRIDGEWATER, PA.
[illegible]
DRY GOODS
[illegible]
Groceries,
[illegible]
Hardware, Nails, Glass,
[illegible]
Linseed Oil & White Lead.
Boots and Shoes,
LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES,
[illegible] Shot,
[illegible]
HOSIERY
Shirts and Drawers,
Gents. Furnishing Goods;
[illegible]
CARPETING.
[illegible]
Oil Cloths, Mattings, &c.
[illegible]
HENRY McCALLUM.

FURNITURE.
LEMON & WEISE
The old and well known firm of Lemon & Weise of Pittsburgh, Pa., Manufacturers of
Cabinet Furniture & Chairs,
Have Removed to
No. 111 Fourth Avenue,
Opposite their Old Stand.
Where they continue the business in all its various branches.
sep18-3m

W. W. CARRIER,
[illegible]
CHROMO LITHOGRAPHS.

BEAVER DEPOSIT BANK
OF BEAVER PA.
BEN ALLISON Cashier.
COLLECTIONS
PROMPTLY MADE AND REMITTED.
Correspondence and Accounts Solicited.
INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.
EXCHANGE, SECURITIES, &c., &c.
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Office Hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

ESTATE of [illegible], deceased.—Letters of administration [illegible] late of Franklin township, Beaver county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present the same without delay.
GEORGE STROHECKER.
Rice, Wilson & Moore, Att'ys, Beaver, Pa. nov20;6w

"INSECTS AT HOME."

LAST NOTICE.
[illegible]
J. JACKSON

Railroads.

RAILROADS.—PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.—Condensed Time Table from Oct 27th, 1872.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Fst Ex	No. 5. Mail.	No. 7 Pac Ex	No. 3. Nt Ex
Pittsburgh	145AM	710AM	910AM	200PM
Rochester	250	835	1025	308
Alliance	510	1125	110PM	530
Orrville	641	115PM	307	725
Mansfield	855	342	510	[illegible]
Crestline A	929	[illegible]	540	955
Crestline D	949	610AM	600	1005
Forest	1103	755	725	1128
Lima	1255PM	935	915	1250AM
Fort Wayne	320	1155	1155	240
Plymouth	445	235PM	235AM	545
Chicago	750	650	620	820

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 8. Mail.	No. 2. Fst Ex	No. 6. Pac Ex	No. 4. Nt Ex
Chicago	515AM	920AM	535PM	920PM
Plymouth	915	1202PM	910	1250AM
Fort Wayne	1220PM	220	1155	325
Lima	215	[illegible]	150AM	515
Forest	300	505	300	625
Crestline A	525	620	420	825
Crestline D	1120AM	650	440	835
Mansfield	1205PM	721	510	855
Orrville	212	920	713	1105
Alliance	420	1100	900	110PM
Rochester	657	112AM	1130	325
Pittsburgh	830	220	1225PM	445

No. 1 daily, except Monday; Nos. 2, 5, 7 & 6, daily, except Sunday; Nos. 3 & 6, daily; No. 4 daily, except Saturday and Sunday.
F. R. MYERS, General Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.
On and after Dec 15th, 1872, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

[illegible]

F. R. MYERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Miscellaneous.

New-Goods! New-Goods!!
AT
A. C. HURST'S,
BRIDGEWATER, PA.
Being just returned from New York and Philadelphia, having purchased for cash a Fine Assortment of Dress Goods, Cassimeres, Cassinets, Jeans, [illegible] of goods for gentlemen's wear, with [illegible] of the latest styles.
FLANNELS OF EVERY KIND.
BLACK AND COLORED ALPACAS;
Large Stock of Fall Shawls;
NEW MILLINERY GOODS;
Hats, Frames, Ribbons & Flowers;
[illegible] LEATHER BELTS,
Embroidery of all kinds;
[illegible]
CARPETS!
A superb assortment of every description and [illegible] Season; of [illegible] Brussels, and all kinds of Kidderminster,
AT VERY LOW PRICES.
[illegible]
A. C. HURST.
[illegible] 1872.
[illegible] Boots, Shoes & Gaiters.
[illegible]
PLANING MILLS,
[illegible]
PHOTOGRAPHER.

Holloway's Pills
AND
Holloway's Ointment.
THE grand principle that operates in these wonderful medicines, is the power that they possess of purifying the turgid blood and expelling morbid humors from the system. Holloway's Pills consist of a careful and potent mixture of the finest Vegetable Extracts, Herbs and Medicinal Gums. Possessing not a grain of mineral in their combination, they never expose those who use them to any danger, at any time or season. No mother need hesitate to prescribe them to her children, and the most delicate constitutions can use them with as great benefit as the most vigorous and powerful frame.
HOLLOWAY & CO, Sole Proprietors,
78 Maiden Lane, New York.
Holloway's Pills and Ointment are sold at 25 cents, 62½ cts and $1 per box or pot. A great saving is made by buying the large sizes.
mr29'72ly. 78 Maiden Lane, New York.

Miscellaneous.

JOSEPH HORNE & CO.
77 and 79 Market Street,
PITTSBURGH,
IMPORTERS OF AND JOBBERS IN
FANCY DRY GOODS.
Notions, Hosiery, Underwear,
Gloves, Furnishing Goods, Laces
Embroideries, Lace Goods,
Hoop, Balmoral, and Felt Skirts,
Corsets, Silk and Velvetine Ribbons,
Panniers, Handkerchiefs, Bonnets,
Hat, Millinery Goods, Flowers, Tips,
Plumes, Trimming and Fringes,
Velvets, Velveteens, Reps,
Bonnet and Lining Silks, Turquoise,
Colored and Black Gros Grain Silks,
Ribbons in all widths and Shades,
Ornaments, Frames, &c.
The Trade are invited to an inspection of the extensive lines of the above goods, which at all seasons of the year will be kept full up with the Latest Novelties [illegible].
Lowest prices, East or West.
Orders promptly attended to. oct9-3m

A Word to You, Friend!!
FOR GOOD COFFEES,
FOR GOOD TEAS.
FOR GOOD SUGARS,
FOR GOOD SPICES,
FOR GOOD FLOUR,
FOR GOOD FEED,
FOR GOOD TOBACCO,
FOR GOOD CIGARS,
FOR EVERYTHING GOOD
IN THE
Grocery and Provision Line,
AND AT PRICES THAT CAN'T
BE BEAT IN BEAVER OR ELSEWHERE
GO TO
S. SNITGER & CO.'S,
3d Street, BEAVER, PA.
1m1672-17

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is
The Only Pain Remedy
that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES.
No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA.
CATARRH, INFLUENZA.
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE.
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.
[illegible]
HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and ALL INTERNAL PAINS.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.
FEVER AND AGUE.
FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!
STRONG AND PURE RICH BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES; SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT
Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
[illegible]
Kidney & Bladder Complaints,
[illegible]
WORMS.—The unknown and sure Remedy for Worms—Pin, Tape, &c.
Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.
[illegible]
HANNAH P. KNAPP.

DR. RADWAY'S
PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS,
perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Price, 25 cents per box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
READ "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter-stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New-York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.
april7, '72-ly.

JNO. CONWAY & CO.,
BANKERS & BROKERS
ROCHESTER, PA.
DEALERS IN
EXCHANGE, COIN AND COUPONS.
ACCOUNTS of Manufacturers, Merchants and Individuals solicited.
Interest Allowed on Time Deposits.
Correspondents will receive prompt attention. je3;tf

READY FOR CHRISTMAS.
We have received an elegant stock of WATCHES, Chains, Chain and Band Bracelets, Diamond Pins, Ear Rings, Studs and Rings, Coral, Stone, Cameo, Amethyst, Topaz, Onyx and Gold Sets of Jewelry. Fine NECKLACES and LOCKETS, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Collar Buttons, Gents Pins, Gold and Silver-Head Canes, Solid Silver and Silver-plated Ware. Vases, Toilet Sets, Parian Marble and Fancy Goods. All suitable for Holiday Presents, and will be sold low at
WATTLES & SHEAFER'S
dec4;1m 101 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Bread and Cheese and Kisses.

BY AUTHOR OF BLADE O' GRASS.

From Harper's Weekly.

With a sense of infinite thankfulness upon me, I sit down to commence my Christmas story. This thankfulness is born of over-flowing gratitude. I am grateful that I am spared to write it, and grateful because of the belief that the Blade o' Grass I put forth a year ago was, out of the goodness of many sympathizing hearts, not allowed to wither and die. It has been pressed upon me, and I have had it in my mind, to continue the history of the humble Blade o' Grass that I left drooping last year; but the social events that have occurred between that time and the present would not justify my doing so now. I hope to continue it before long. By-and-by, please God, you and I will follow the Blade o' Grass through a summer all the more pleasant because of the bleak winter in which it sprung, and by which it has hitherto been surrounded. In the meantime it gladdens me to see a star shining upon it, although it stands amidst snow and wintry weather.

As I sit in my quiet chamber, and think of the happy season for which I am writing, I seem to hear the music of its tender influence, and I wish that the kindly spirit which animates that day would animate not that day alone, but every day of the three hundred and sixty-five. It might be so; it could be so. Then, indeed, the Good Time which now is always coming would be no longer looked forward to.

Not that life should be a holiday; work is its wholesomest food. But some little more of general kindliness toward one another, of generous feeling between class and class, as well as between person and person; some little less consideration of self; some more general recognition by the high of the human and divine equality which the law bear to them; some little more consideration from the poor for the rich: some little more practical pity from the rich to the poor; some little less of the hypocrisy of life too commonly practiced, and commonly toadied to; some better meaning in the saying of prayers, and therefore more true devotion in the bending of knees; some little more benevolence in statesmanship; some hearty honest practicing of doing unto others even as ye would others should do unto you—may well be wished for, more appropriately, perhaps, at this season than at any other, associated as it is with all that is tender and bright and good.

Why does the strain in which I am writing bring to me the memory of my Mother? It is, I suppose, because that memory is the most sacred and the tenderest that I have, and because what I feel for [illegible] is inwoven in my heart of hearts.

But there is another reason. From her comes the title of my Christmas story. And this introduction serves in part as a dedication to the beautiful goodness of her nature.

I think that in this wide world, among the thousands of millions of human beings who live and have passed away, there is not, and never was, a woman who lived her life more contentedly, nor one who strove more heartfully to make the most cheerful use of every thing that fell to her lot—of even adversity, of which she had her full share. She was beloved by all who knew her. To her sympathizing heart were con[illegible] to bear; and poor as she was for a long period of her life, she always, by some wonderful secret of which I hope she was not the only possessor, contrived to help those who came to her in need. I remember asking her once how she managed it. "My dear," she answered, with a smile which reminds me of a peaceful moonlight night, "my dear, I have a lucky-bag." Where she kept it Heaven only knows; but she was continually dipping her hand into it, and something good and sweet always came out. How many hearts she cheered, how many burdens she lightened, how many crosses she [illegible] linked with hope, no one can tell; she never did. These things came to her as among the duties of life, and she took pleasure in performing them. I am filled with wonder and with worship as I think how naturally she cast aside her own hard trials to sympathize with the trials of others.

She was a capital housewife, and made much out of little. She had not one selfish desire, and being devoted to her children, she made their home bright for them. There was no sunshine in the house when Mother was away. She possessed wonderful secrets in cookery, and I would sooner sit down to one of the dinners she used to prepare for us—but they were very humble—than to the grandest banquet that could be placed before me. Every thing was sweet that came from her hands—as sweet as was every thing that came from her lips.

I would ask her often, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, "Mother, what have you got for dinner to-day?" "Bread-and-Cheese-and-Kisses," she would reply merrily. Then I knew that one of our favorite dishes was sure to be on the table, and I rejoiced accordingly. Sometimes, however, she would vary her reply by saying that dinner would consist of "Knobs of Chairs and Pump-Handles." Then would I sit in sackcloth and ashes, for I knew that the chance of a good dinner was trembling in the balance.

But Knobs of Chairs and Pump-Handles was the exception. Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses was the rule. And to this day Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses bears for me in its simple utterance a sacred and beautiful meaning. It means contentment; it means cheerfulness; it means the exercise of sweet words and thought; it means Home!

Dear and sacred word! Let us get away from the garish light that distorts it. Let you and I, this Christmas, retire for a while, and think of it and muse upon it. Let us resolve to cherish it always, and let us unite in the hope that its influence for inconceivable good may not be lost in the turmoil of the Great March, to the thunderous steps of which the world's heart is wildly beating. Home! It is earth's heaven! The flowers that grow within garret walls prove it; the wondering ecstasy that fills the mother's breast as she looks upon the face of her first-born, the quiet ministering to those we love, the unselfishness, the devotion, the tender word, the act of charity, the self-sacrifice that finds creation there, prove it; the prayers that are said as we kneel by the bedside before committing our bodies to sleep, the little hands folded in worship, the lisping words of praise and of thanks to God that come from children's lips, the teaching of those words by the happy mother, so that her child may grow up good, prove it. No lot in life is too lowly for the poor enjoyment of Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses.

I wish you, dear readers and friends, no better lot than this. May Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses often be your fare, and may it leave as sweet a taste in your mouth as it has left in mine!

PART I.

COME AND SHOW YOURSELF LIKE A MAN!

If I were asked to point to a space of ground which of all other spaces in the world most truly represents the good and bad, the high and low of humanity, I should unhesitatingly describe a circle of a mile around Westminster Abbey. Within that space is contained all that ennobles life, and all that debases it; and within that space, at the same moment, the lofty aspiration of the statesman pulses in the great Senate House in unison with the degraded desires of the inhabitant of Old Pye Street. There St. Giles and St. James elbow each other. There may be seen, in one swift comprehensive glance, all the beauty and ugliness of life, all its hope and hopelessness, all its vanity and modesty, all its knowlege and ignorance, all its piety and profanity, all its fragrance and foulness. The wisdom of ages, the nobility that sprung from fortunate circumstance or from brave endeavor, the sublime lessons that lie in faith and heroism, sanctify the solemn aisles of the grand old Abbey. Within its sacred cloisters rest the ashes of the great; outside its walls, brushing them with his ragged garments, skulks the thief—and worse.

But not with these contrasts, nor with any lesson that they may teach, have you and I to deal now. Our attention is fixed upon the striking of eight o'clock by the sonorous tongue of Westminister. And not our attention alone—for many of the friends with whom we shall presently shake hands are listening also; so that we find ourselves suddenly plunged into very various company. Ben Sparrow, the old grocer, who, just as One tolls, is weighing out a quarter of a pound of brown sugar for a young urchin without a cap, inclines his head and listens, for all the world as if he *were* a sparrow, so bird-like is the movement; Bessie Sparrow, his granddaughter, who, having put Tottie to bed, is coming down stairs in the dark (she has left the candle in the wash-hand basin in Tottie's room, for Tottie cannot sleep without a light), stops and counts from One to Eight, and thinks the while, with eyes that have tears in them, of Somebody who at the same moment is thinking of her; Tottie, with one acid-drop very nearly at the point of dissolution in her mouth, and with another perspiring in her hand, lies in bed and listens, and forgets to suck until the sound dies quite away; a patient-looking woman, pausing in the contemplation of a great crisis in her life, seeks to find in the tolling of the bell some assurance of a happy result; James Million, Member of Parliament, whose name, as he is a very rich man, may be said to be multitudinous, listens always as he rolls by in his cab; and as his cab passes the end of the street in which Mrs. Naldret resides, that worthy woman, who is standing on a chair before an open cupboard, follows the sound, with the table-cloth in her hand, and mutely counts One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, the last number being accompanied by a resigned sigh, as if Eight were the end of all things.

The room in which Mrs. Naldret is standing is poor and comfortable; a cheerful fire is burning, and the kettle is making up its mind to begin to sing. [illegible] lazily blinking [illegible] at the little jets of gas that thrust their forked tongues from between the bars of the stoves. This cat is lying on a faded hearth rug, in which once upon a time a rampant lion reigned in brilliant colors; and she is not at all disturbed by the thought that a [illegible] full-length upon a lion, with his tongue hanging out, is an anomaly in nature and a parody in art. There is certainly some excuse for her in the circumstance that the lion is very thin, [illegible] almost entirely rubbed out.

Mrs. Naldret steps from the chair with the table-cloth in her hand, and [illegible], and with as nimble a movement as any wizard could have made, spreads it open. As it comes down [illegible] she assists it to expel the wind and to settle [illegible] [illegible] she seeks the tea-pot, and begins [illegible]

[illegible] she says, [illegible] reflection, with the knife in the middle of the loaf, [illegible] Christmas?" she repeats, with a sigh, "and George'll not be here. He'll [illegible] though how George got the idea of emigrating into his head, I can't tell, [illegible]." For consolation her thoughts turned in another direction—toward her husband. "I wish that Jim was home, though it isn't [illegible]." [illegible] peeps at the sky through a chink in the shutters. "It looks as if it was going to snow. What a [illegible], but now cold! It's freezing hard!" Turning, she looks at the fire, and at the cosy [illegible]. "Thank God, we've got a fire, and a roof to cover us! God help those who have n't! [illegible] times are hard." She turns again to the window, to take another peep at the sky through the shutters, and finds the light shut out. "There's some one looking into the room!" she exclaims, retreating hastily out of view. "It can't be Jim—he's never done such a thing. He's only too glad to get in-door such nights as this. And it can't be George. And there's the lock of the street-door broken—no more use than a tea-pot with a hole in the bottom." Being a woman of courage, Mrs. Naldret runs into the passage, and opens the street door. "Who's there?" she cries, looking into the street, and shivering as the cold wind blows into her face. "Who's there? Don't sneak away like that, but come and show your face like a man!"

The man pauses at the challenge, stands irresolute for a moment or two, then walks slowly back to the window, with hanging head.

"Show my face like a man!" he repeats, sadly, bitterly, and with a world of self-reproach in his tone. "There's not much of the man left in me, Mrs. Naldret."

"Good Lord!" she exclaims, as he stands before her like a criminal. "Saul Fielding!"

"Yes," he replies. "It's Saul Fielding, God help him!"

"Why can't Saul Fielding help himself?" she retorts, half angrily, half pityingly. "There was stuff enough in him once—at all events, I thought so."

"Show me the way!" he cries; but lowers his tone instantly, and says, humbly, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Naldret, for speaking in that manner. It's ungrateful of me to speak like that to any of George's friends, and least of all to his mother, that George loves like the apple of his eye."

"So he does, dear lad," says the grateful woman, "and it does my heart good to hear you say so. But you've nothing to be grateful to me for, Saul. I've never done you any good; it's never been in my power."

"Yes, you have, and it has been in your power, Mrs. Naldret. Why it was only last week that you offered me—"

"What you wouldn't take," she interrupts, hastily; "so you don't know if I meant it. Let be! Let be!"

"—That you offered me food," he continues, steadily. "But it's like you and yours to make light of it. You've never done me any good! Why, you're George's mother, and you brought him into the world! And I owe him more than my life—Ay, more than my life!"

"I know the friendship there was between you and George," she says, setting the strength of his word to that account, "and that George loved you like a brother. More's the pity, because of that, that you are as you are."

"It is so," he assents, meekly; "but the milk's spilled; I can't pick it up again."

"Saul, Saul! you talk like a woman!"

"Do I?" he asks, tenderly, and looking into her face with respect and esteem in his eyes. "Then there's some good left in me. I know one who is stronger than I am, better, wiser, than a hundred such as I—and I showed my appreciation of her goodness and her worth by doing her wrong. Show my face like a man! I ought to hide it, as the moles do, and show my contempt for myself by flying from the sight of men!"

Filled with compassion, she turns her face from him, so that she may not witness his grief.

"She is the noblest, the best of women!" he continues. "In the face of God, I say it. Standing here, with His keen eye piercing me to my bones (but it is just!) I bow to her, although I see her not, as the nearest approach to perfect goodness which it has ever been my happiness and my unhappiness to come in contact with. Ay! although virtue, as humanly exercised, would turn its back upon her."

"Are you blaming the world, Saul Fielding," she asks, in a tone that has a touch of sternness in it, "for a fault which is all your own."

"No," he answers; "I am justifying Jane. *I* blame the world! A pretty object I, to turn accuser."

He appeals to his rags, in scorn of them and of himself.

"Saul Fielding," she says, after a pause, during which she feels nothing but pain for his misery, "you are a bit of a scholar: you have gifts that others would turn to account, if they had them. Before you—you—"

"Went wrong," he adds, as she hesitates. "I know what you want to say. Go on, Mrs. Naldret. *Your* words don't hurt me."

"Before that time George used to come home full of admiration for you and your gifts. He said that you were the best-read man in all the trade; and I'm sure, to hear you speak is proof enough of that. Well, let be, Saul; let the past die, and make up your mind, like a man, to do better in the future."

"Let the past die!" he repeats, as through the clouds that darken his mind rifts of human love shine, under the influence of which his voice grows indescribably soft and tender. "Let the past die! No, not for a world of words. Though it be filled with shame, I would not let it go. What are you looking for?"

"It's Jim's time—my husband's—for coming home," she says, a little anxiously, looking up the street. "He mightn't like—" But again she hesitates and stumbles over her words.

"To see you talking to me. He shall not. My eyes are better than his, and the moment I see him turn the corner of the street I will go.

"What were you looking through [illegible] for?"

"I wanted to [illegible] was at home."

"And supposing he had been?"

"I should have waited in the street until he came out."

"Do you think Jim Naldret would like to see his son talking to Saul Fielding?"

"No. I don't suppose he would." [illegible] "but for all that, I shall do George no harm. I would lay down my life to serve him. You don't know what there is between me and George together. And he is going away [illegible], Mrs. Naldret?"

"In a very few days," she answers with a sob in her throat.

"God speed him! Ask him to see me before he goes, will you, Mrs. Naldret?"

"Yes, I will, Saul; and thank you a thousand times for the good feeling you show to him."

"Tell him that I have joined the waits, and that he will hear my flute among them any night this week. I'll manage so that we don't go away from this neighborhood till [illegible]."

"Joined the waits!" she exclaims. "Good Lord! Have you come to that?"

"That's pretty low, isn't it?" he says, with a light laugh, and with a dash of satire in his tone. "But then you know—playing the flute—is one of my gifts (I learned it myself when I was a boy)—and it's the only thing I can get to do. Is there any tune you're very fond of, and would like to hear as you lie abed? If there is, we'll play it."

"If you could play a tune to keep George at home," says Mrs. Naldret, "that's the tune I'd like to hear."

"Your old Gospel of contentment, Mrs. Naldret," he remarks.

"I like to let well alone," she replies, with emphatic nods; "if you'd been content with that, years ago, instead of trying to stir men up—"

"I shouldn't be as I am now," he says, interrupting her; "you are right—you are right. Good-night, and God bless you!"

He shuffles off, without waiting for another word, blowing on his fingers which are almost frozen. Mrs. Naldret, who is also cold enough by this time, is glad to get [illegible] side to warm herself. [illegible] her thoughts follow Saul Fielding. "Poor fellow!" she muses. "I should like to have had him in, but Jim wouldn't [illegible] the fire for a while. And, to be sure, [illegible] have been angry. [illegible] right, [illegible] sure, it wouldn't be. But how [illegible] the life he's been leading. [illegible] he is, [illegible] when he talks, and how elevating. What'll be the end of him [illegible] only knows. He's made [illegible] feel quite soft. And how he loves George! That's what makes me like him. 'You don't know what binds me and George together,' he said. 'I would lay down my life to serve him,' he said. Well, there must be some good in a man who speaks like that."

AND SO THE LAD GOES ON WITH HIS BESSIE, UNTIL ONE WOULD THINK HE HAS NEVER A MOTHER IN THE WORLD.

By an egregious oversight on the part of the architect, designer, or what not, the door of Mrs. Naldret's room turned into the passage, so that whenever it was opened the cold wind had free play, and made itself felt. Mrs. Naldret, bending before the fire to warm herself, does not hear the softest of raps on the panel, but is immediately afterward made sensible that somebody is coming into the room by a chill on the nape of her neck and down the small of her back, "enough to freeze one's marrow," she says. She knows the soft footfall, and, without turning, is aware that Bessie Sparrow is in the room.

"Come to the fire, my dear," she says.

Bessie kneels by her side, and the two women, matron and maid, look into the glowing flames, and see pictures there. Their thoughts being on the same subject, the pictures they see are of the same character—all relating to George, and ships, and wild seas, and strange lands.

"I dreamed of you and George last night," says Mrs. Naldret, taking Bessie's hand in hers. She likes the soft touch of Bessie's fingers; her own are hard, and full of knuckles. The liking for any thing that is soft is essentially womanly. "I dreamed that you were happily married, and we were all sitting by your fireside, as it might be now, and I was dancing a little one upon my knee."

"Oh, mother!" exclaims Bessie, hiding her face on Mrs. Naldret's neck.

"I told father my dream before breakfast this morning, so it's sure to come true. The little fellow was on my knee as naked as ever it was born, a-cocking out its little legs and drawing of them up again, like a young Samson. Many a time I've had George on my knee like that, and he used to double up his fists as if he wanted to fight all the world at once. George was the finest baby I ever *did* see; he walked at nine months. He's been a good son, and'll make a good husband; and he's as genuine as salt, though I say it perhaps as shouldn't being his mother. Is your grandfather coming in to-night, Bess?"

"I don't think it. He's busy getting ready a Christmas show for the window; he wants to make it look very gay, to attract business. Grandfather's dreadfully worried because business is so bad. People are not laying out as much money as they used to do."

"Money don't buy what it used to do, Bess; things are dearer, and money's the same. Father isn't earning a shilling more to-day than he earned ten years ago, and meat's gone up and rent's gone up, and plenty of other things have gone up. But we've got to be contented, my dear, and make the best of things. If George could get enough work at home to keep him going, do you suppose he'd ha' thought of going to the other end of the world?" She asks this question, with a shrewd, watchful look into Bessie's face, which the girl does not see, her eyes being toward the fire, and adds, immediately, "Although he's not going for long, thank God."

"It is very, very hard," sighs Bessie, "that he should have to go."

"It would be harder, my dear, for him to remain here doing nothing. There's nothing that does a man—or a woman either, Bess—so much mischief as idleness. My old mother used to say that when a man's idle, he's worshiping the devil. You know very well, Bess, that I'm all for contentment. One can make a little do if one's mind is made up for it—just as one can find a great deal not enough if one's mind is set that way. For my part, I think that life's too short to worry your inside out a-wishing for this, and a-longing for that, and a sighing for t'other. When George began to talk of going abroad, I said to him, 'Home's home, George, and you can be happy on bread-and-cheese and kisses, supposing you can't get better.' 'Very well, mother,' said George, 'I'm satisfied with that. But come,' said he in his coaxing way—*you* know, Bessie—'but come, you say home is home, and you're right, mammy.' (He always calls me mammy when he's going to get the best of me with his tongue—he knows, the cunning lad, that it reminds me of the time when he was a baby!) 'You're right, mammy,' he said; 'but I love Bess, and I want to marry her. I want to have her all to myself,' he said. 'I'm not happy when I am away from her,' he said. 'I want to see her a-setting by *my* fireside,' he said. 'I don't want to be standing at [illegible] a saying good night to her [illegible] saying [illegible] Bess? Ah, I remember [illegible] saying good-night to her, with my arm [illegible] her waist, and my heart so full of love for her that I can hardly speak his very words my dear!—'and then, just as I'm feeling happy and forgetting everything else in the world, to hear grandfather's voice piping out from the room behind the shop, "Don't you think it is time to go home, George? Don't you think it is time for Bessie to be a-bed?" And I don't want,' said George, 'when I answer, in a shamefaced way,' said George, "All right, grandfather; just five minutes more!" to hear his voice, in less than half a minute, waking me out of a happy dream, calling out, "Time's up, George! Don't you think you ought to go home, George? Don't you think Bessie's a bit tired, George?"' 'That's all well and good,' said I to him; 'but what's that to do with going abroad?' 'Oh, mammy,' he said, 'when I marry Bessie, don't I want to give her a decent bed to lie upon? Ain't I bound to get a bit of furniture together?' Well, well; and so the lad goes on with his Bessie and his Bessie, until one would think he has never a mother in the world."

There is not a spice of jealousy in her tone as she says this, although she pretends to pout, for the arm that is around Bessie tightens on the girls waist, and the mother's lips touch the girl's face lovingly. All that Mrs. Naldret has said is honey to Bessie, and the girl drinks it in and enjoys it, as bright fresh youth only can enjoy.

"So," continues Mrs. N[illegible] suing her story, "w[illegible] home very down [illegible] did a little w[illegible] trade's slack [illegible], as he he's to get [illegible], and says that that he's [illegible] he don't see how married [illegible] the bit of furniture together [illegible] bound to have when he's [illegible] And [illegible], I knew what was coming. a pa[illegible] he's got the opportunity—and [illegible]sage free, thanks to Mr. Million." [illegible] Mrs. Naldret looks again at Bessie in the same watchful manner as before, and Bessie, in whose eyes the tears are gathering, and upon whose face the soft glow of the fire-light is reflected, again does not observe it—"I can't blame him; tho', mind you, my dear, if he could earn what he wants here, I'd be the last to give him a word of encouragement. But he can't earn it here, he says; times are too bad. He can't get work enough here, he says; there's too little to do, and too many workmen to do it. So he's going abroad to get it, and good luck go with him and come back with him! Say that, my dear."

"Good luck go with him," repeats Bessie, unable to keep back the tears, "and come back with him!"

"That's right. And as George has made up his mind and can't turn back now, we must put strength into him, whether he's right or whether he's wrong. So dry your eyes, my girl, and send him away with a light heart instead of a heavy one. Don't you know that wet things are always heavier to carry than dry? George see; and if a [illegible] the world, you to fight with the tears [illegible] his cheeks, he's bound to get the worst of it. But if he says, 'Come on!' with a cheerful heart and smiling face, he stands a good chance of winning—as George will, you see if he don't!"

"You dear good mother!" and Bessie kisses Mrs. Naldret's neck again and again.

"Now, then," says Mrs. Naldret, rising from before the fire, "go and

See fourth page.

The Beaver Argus.

J. WEYAND, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Beaver, Pa., December 18, 1872.

EDWIN FORREST, one of the most successful theatrical performers this country has ever produced, died at his home in Philadelphia, on last Thursday morning, aged 67 years.

ON the 10 inst., General Banks of Massachusetts offered a bill in the House of Representatives, to fix the President's salary at $50,000 a year after the 4th of March, 1873. Also, proposing an amendment of the Constitution providing that the President shall hold office for six years and be ineligible for re-election; that the President and the Vice President shall be elected directly by the voters on the same day that the election for Representatives to Congress takes place.

The bill was refered to the appropriate committee of the House.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM gets a square lift in Vermont. The Legislature of that State, passed a resolution a few days ago instructing their Senators and Representatives in congress to use their influence and votes in favor of a reform in the civil service of the country. Mr. Willard (Rep.) of that State presented this resolution in the House on last Thursday. It was referred. The same Representative at the same time, also presented a resolution passed by his State's Legislature, asking for the abolition of the Franking privilege. A similar disposition was made of it. It is to be hoped that Vermont will not only push these reform movements but that help will come to her from many of the other States. Reform is needed, and it can only be brought about by persistent effort and united action.

THE One-Term principle makes its appearance early in the House, in the form of a Constitutional Amendment, proposed by Gen. Banks, extending the term six years and making an incumbent ineligible to re-election. The other features of the measure will commend themselves to popular approval; but for these cardinal points we bespeak candid, non-partisan consideration. Is it not better that a President should be subject neither to the temptation nor the imputation of using the vast and constantly increasing patronage of his office to further his personal ends? Is it not better that the one term should be a longer one? Now, however, these questions may be dispassionately answered. There is no personal interest to be defended. No man can think that it is a blow at him, or at his party. We are little likely to have soon an era of greater good feeling. The President can have no motive to hinder this most effective of methods for Civil Service Reform. Shall it not at least have an impartial hearing?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE alleged diamond discoveries in Arizona have proved to be not only a delusion, but a wicked deception. The whole thing turns out to a fraud of the worst description. It seems that plan was originated by a few unprincipled individuals, of imbedding a number of gems in the earth at certain places, and then concocting advertisements relative to the "wonderful diamond discoveries" subsequently made by them in the same localities. The news naturally spread all over the country like wildfire, causing Australia to be forgotten and South Africa to sink into insignificance; and numbers of sanguine persons are even now on their way to California to obtain a share of the [illegible] treasures supposed to be lying broadcast about the foot of the mountains of the far West. They will discover the extent of the deception when it is too late to avoid it.

THE House Banking and Currency Committee last week authorized Mr. [illegible] to present, with a favorable report, his bill to prevent the circulation of counterfeit, altered and spurious United States and national bank notes. The bill is a useful one, and provides that any officer of a national bank who may receive, or who may be offered in business, any counterfeit United States or national bank note, is authorized and required to write or stamp plainly upon the face of such note the word "counterfeit." In case of altered or spurious notes those words shall, in like manner, be stamped upon the notes. The Committee again briefly considered the case of the Tenth National Bank of New-York, which, it is alleged, aided H. N. Smith in making a corner in greenbacks by locking up last Winter $5,000,000 of that circulation. A special sub-committee was appointed consisting of Messrs [illegible], Hooper, and Randall, and from this fact it is thought that the investigation is to be resumed with [illegible] than was last year during the [illegible]. It is probable that the Committee will be required to visit New-York.

THE Philadelphia *Press*, we think, very properly rebukes the partisan spirit of the Republican members of the United States Senate, which exhibited itself in all its offensiveness when it tempted the majority to deny any one an opportunity to say a kind word in honor of Horace Greeley. The Senate, as is often the case, was not touched by the generous spirit which pervaded the country upon the sad decease of the great journalist. The House, which is nearer to the people and always more truthfully reflects their sentiments than the Senate, took a nobler course and listened to the words of Mr. Dawes upon the death of Horace Greeley with respectful attention. The same generous spirit which seemed to pervade the country, and found expression in nearly all journals was present in the House, but it was a stranger in the Senate. The *Press* says:

> It will not be recorded to the credit of the present Republican United States Senate that while a Republican President, General Grant, was attending the funeral of his dead competitor a partisan majority in that same Senate refused to allow two Republicans the poor privilege of saying some kind words in honor of a journalist who did more for the Republican cause than all the leaders in this ineffable meanness could have done had they lived uncounted centuries. The Republicans of the House took a manlier course when they refused to accept the resignation of General Banks, and when they allowed Mr. Dawes to speak some words for Horace Greeley. Is our Senate about to assume entire possession of the Government? Is a temporary majority of that body preparing to fulfil the prophecy of John Adams, when he substantially said the Senate would ultimately control the *Executive* and the popular branch of Congress? The remorseless removal of Liberal Republicans from the standing committees, in the face of President Grant's magnanimous example, and the offensive refusal to allow a few kind words to be said for Horace Greeley, reminds us of the reckless proscription of the dark pro-slavery times. Our Senatorial masters are sowing a storm that may close in a whirl-wind.

HERE is a bit of good news for the ex-soldiers of the late war. The House of Representatives on last Thursday passed a Soldier's Bounty Land bill of which the following is synopsis; That every private soldier, musician and officer who served in the U. S. army during the late war for a period of ninety days, and was honorably discharged, including troops mustered into the service of the United States by virtue of the third section of an act entitled an act making appropriations for completing the defenses of Washington and for other purposes, approved February 13, 1862, and every seaman, marine and officer, and other person who served in the navy of the United States or in the marine corps during the late war for ninety days, and who was honorably discharged, and the widow of any such soldier, musician, seaman or officer, or if there be no such widow, his orphan children under twenty-one years of age, shall be entitled to enter a quantity of public lands, not mineral, not to exceed 160 acres which shall be composed of continuous tracts according to legal subdivisions, including alternate reserved sections of public lands along the line of any public railroad or other public work, or other land subject to entry under the homestead laws of the United States, and receive a certificate of such entry without payment of any government fees.

Section two—That such entry shall be made in the name of the person entitled as above to make the same in person or by agent under such regulations as the Secretary of the Interior shall prescribe, and patent for lands so entered shall be issued only to such soldier, musician, seaman or officer, or to his widow or orphan children, provided for in the first action of this act, but no sale of such land or any interest therein, or power of attorney authorizing such sale, or other contract or agreement in any wise affecting or concerning any such land made, executed or entered into prior to the issuing of the patent therefor and the actual delivery of the same to the person to whom issued, shall be of any effect whatever, but shall be null and void.

Section three—That the Secretary of the Interior shall prescribe rules and regulations to carry the several provisions of this act into effect.

The bill as amended then passed—yeas 116, nays, 55.

The bill now goes to the Senate, where it is believed, it will encounter fierce opposition.

PREVIOUS to the late elections THE ARGUS, on several occasions, asserted that the editor of *The Beaver Radical* (and the ring to which he belongs) was not influenced by patriotic and conscientious motives in his advocacy of Republican principles, and his desire for the election of its candidates; but that the incentive to *action and support* was his desire to control the "spoils of office," which he looked upon as peculiarly the property of the victors. This is the doctrine of Simon Cameron, the chief of the ring to which Mr. Quay belongs; and that ring is held together only "by the cohesive attraction of public plunder." Hence, it was no matter of astonishment that Cameron, Hartranft and other Pennsylvania ring-politicians, immediately after the result of the election was ascertained, visited Washington city in a body and demanded that the President should appoint the man dictated by them as *post-master* of Philadelphia. They considered themselves entitled to all the credit of carrying the elections of Pennsylvania triumphantly for Grant; and that he would have the audacity to ignore their dictation in the matter of an appointment, was considered out of the question. To their mortification and chagrin, he did do so. He appointed another man. In fact, he snubbed them. They resolved upon revenge. Cameron is supposed to have issued his orders to his satelites throughout the commonwealth to attack Grant's administration; and, craftily, insidiously, but effectively they are commencing the political revolution by cautioning the Republican party against the danger of centralizing power in the hands of the President. The last *Radical* contains a labored article on the subject of the danger of centralization and despotism, unless arrested by a change in the policy of the administration. After asserting that the doctrines of State Rights, (as advocated by Jefferson, Jackson and Calhoun,) had been carried too far by the Democratic party, and had been overruled by the late war, the editor goes on to say, that since the "war closed there was no longer a necessity" that the General Government should disregard the powers of the States, which they had done "for *self-preservation*" during its continuance. But, "it is hard to relinquish power once exercised, and very easy to find excuse for not doing so." They are afraid the party will not do so. The *Radical* says;

> "The tendency, however, is from one extreme to another, and from State Rights we are on the high road to Centralization, and that is the highway to despotism."

The *Radical* editor then deplores the possibility of a law being passed authorizing Government to take charge of telegraph lines, and says:

> "Is there not great danger now that our party will fly to the other extreme, and that herein consists just cause of apprehension for the future of our country? The effort to give the Government control of the telegraph lines and railroad companies, thus controlling almost the entire business interests of the country, and the complacency with which such propositions are regarded are indicative of danger. The people are blinded by false reasoning, and are rushing headlong upon quicksands as dangerous as those just escaped. It is time this tendency was checked, and the States restored to their proper position in the Federal Government before it is too late." * * *

Had the President appointed Cameron's man to office, and shown a disposition to obey the behest of the ring in Pennsylvania in regard to future appointments, regardless of Civil Service Reform, we should have had no such lecture as was contained in the last *Radical*.

JOHN CHINAMAN CROWDS OUT BROTHER JONATHAN AND JOHN BULL.—The Beaver Falls Cutlery Company, a few days ago, introduced Chinamen into the forge-room of their establishment, and the American and English workmen, not taking kindly to the pig-tails or liking their company, refused to be associated with them, and rather than be forced to work with them, quit the room, and having received their pay left the premises entirely.—*Radical.*

We have not, hitherto, taken any part in the Chinese question as it has developed itself at Beaver Falls, and what we shall say upon it now will be said upon our own responsibility, and without consultation with any of the parties financially interested in the subject. Our view of the question may not be the popular one, but it shall be expressed nevertheless. And it occurs to us just here, that not only the *Radical* but a number of our Pittsburgh exchanges are pursuing a course in relation to that question which is both foolish and wicked. *These Chinamen are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. The same God who made us made them, and our common Creator gave us the whole earth as our habitation.* He did not say to us, "You live here and work here;" and to the Chinaman, "You live there, and work there." He gave us and them liberty to go whithersoever we felt inclined, and wherever our interest led us. Our own law-givers, catching the spirit of the Divine idea, framed and adopted laws encouraging immigration to our shores; and these acts do not only invite the Germans, the English and the Irish, but say to all races and conditions of men: "Come hither, there is room here for all; help us to cultivate the soil, assist us to build our railroads, aid us in mining for our minerals and learn the art of converting them into implements of use, so that our country may not be slow in becoming rich and powerful." The laboring classes, of *all* countries, hear our invitation; some of them accept it; and if, on reaching here, they prove to be thriftless and shiftless—like the 500 Italians who landed at Castle Garden a few weeks ago, and have ever since been supported at the public expense—little or nothing is said about them, or against their coming; but it, like the Chinese, they hunt up work at once, agree to perform it at a moderate price, and pay for everything they purchase, they are insultingly called "yellow clay-baked" fellows; and the news-papers shout that "John Chinaman crowds out brother Jonathan and J. Bull." Is it Christian to treat industrious and well-behaved strangers in this way; and, what is of more importance to them, is it just? This much on the general aspects of the question: a few words now on its Beaver Falls phase as we understand it:—

Fault is found with, and hard things are said of the owners of the Beaver Falls cutlery for having discharged men to whom they were paying a liberal salary, and filling their places with Chinese laborers who have agreed to work at reduced wages. This may be true, but let us look at the causes which manifestly led to the change. It is a matter of public notoriety that until the introduction of Chinese labor into the works here referred to they were unproductive, and could not be made to yield current expenses. In fact they are reported to have been a source of heavy loss to their owners from week to week. These owners were, therefore, obliged to either procure cheaper labor or close them up entirely. They chose the first alternative, knowing well that a choice of the second would deal their town a blow from which it would take a long time to recover. Under these circumstances they were most assuredly justified in making the change from dearer to cheaper labor. But there is still another view of the question to be taken: The merchant buys his goods where he can get them the cheapest; the mechanic purchases material where he can strike the lowest figure; the contractor pays no more for hands than he can avoid; the publisher obtains the services of his printer at as small a salary as possible; and laborers, on the other hand, go where they can get the most for their labor. This is the custom of the world now, as it has been for ages upon ages in the past. And yet when the owners of the Beaver Falls cutlery works, reluctantly though it be, fall into it in the management of their business, they are denounced as though they were preying upon the blood, and flesh and bones of their fellow-beings. Is not this clamor against them both foolish and wicked?

HERE AND THERE.

—The tract of land owned by the Pamunky tribe of Indians in King William's county, Va., embraces 1,466 acres, but only about 760 are arable. They have one school, one Baptist church, built in 1865, and three ministers. Every one above the age of fifteen years is a member of the church. The tribe numbers eighty-five. Their chief occupations are fishing and hunting. They also engage, but not very largely, in the cultivation of the soil. They elect their chief, and he holds the office as long as he discharges his duties faithfully. Thomas Cook is their chief at this time.

—The Washington *Chronicle* is responsible for the following new story of the Old Commoner: A few days before Thad. Stevens died, some admirer intimated that in the event of his death there was no one then in the House to take his place as its leader. The cynical old man repeated the word "Leader," saying: "Does anybody think that I am such a fool as to think that I have ever been a leader? Members that have wanted mean and dangerous work done and were too decent or cowardly to do it themselves, have approached me, trying to make me believe that I was a leader. I have been fool enough to take the bait many times, and, on a vote, the cowards have always to a man abandoned the leader. Oh, I've been a great leader."

—Here is a story which might cut a very pretty figure in one of Charles Read's novels. It is told by *The Liverpool Mercury*. Some years ago a young man of Chester, respectively connected, for some dishonest transactions, was transported. Lately, an old gentleman in Chester died, leaving an estate of about £39,000; and it now turns out that the ne'er do-well, who has, however, been doing very well in Australia, is his sole heir. The man, however, has obtained his liberty, has settled in Australia as a prosperous sheep farmer, and it is doubtful if he will care to return to the scene of his youthful follies, even to become a Cheshire landholder, he can do so.

—How various and how mysterious are the phenomena of the life matrimonial! What a queer story is this which comes to us from Hull in England! Mrs. Taylor, wife of a cooper, eloped with his clerk, a young man of 19, and also with the cooper's money and jewelry. The absconding pair were absent for a week, when they came back of their own accord. Then it was that the injured husband showed that he was of a mighty forgiving disposition, for he received the wicked wife and the unfaithful clerk into his house again. Then came the constable and arrested the clerk, at which his master expressed the greatest grief, sending him bedding to the police station, and sending him also the frail Mrs. Taylor, to comfort him. Then he withdrew the action and offered to bail the prisoner, which he was allowed to do, when this singular husband left the court apparently much relieved.

—The Grand Jury of the Criminal Court of Chicago came in recently with a most melancholy presentment. The jurors told the Court that it was almost useless for a grand jury to find an indictment against a criminal. He might be tried, and convicted, and sentenced, and then most probably he would be pardoned. The jurors hinted pretty strongly that if assassins were thus allowed to go free, it would be necessary for the people to take the administration of justice into their own hands. Judge Rogers, who was on the bench, was by no means pleased with this plain speaking, for he told the jurors that they were presumptuous, and that their hints in regard to a Vigilance Committee were in bad taste, and could not be too severely reprimanded. After this he dismissed the jury, which retired with such meekness as it could muster.

—A most remarkable case of conscience comes to us from Boston. From a door-step of that most conscientious town, a few mornings since, was stolen a pitcher containing a pint of milk. What pangs of remorse the thief suffered we can only infer from the fact that upon a subsequent morning the pitcher was returned to its accustomed place, and in it were found four cents, the value of the stolen milk, which the thief had probably drank for his breakfast, and so could not return. We should really like to know whether it was the lacteal fluid, souring on his stomach, which occasioned his remorse.

THE MISSES GREELEY.

[Chicago Times Letter.]

MISS IDA GREELEY.

The eldest, whose name is constantly mentioned as having lost her is too absorbed in her real grief to discover through the press all the many unpleasant things which associate her name with that of Mr. Hempstead.

She not only was never promised to him in marriage, but such a thought was never entertained by her, and whatever hopes the poor fellow may have entertained and been unwise enough to express to his friends, Miss Greeley was wholly ignorant of them, until she saw her engagement mentioned in the gossip of a newspaper.

The writer *knows* this to be true. Miss Greeley is not the young lady to desire the position of a heroine in a tragedy. Heaven knows she has suffered enough in her young years already. Since she has been fourteen years old she has been almost constantly by the bedside of a suffering mother, never murmuring, never showing weariness by her manner, and only that her cheeks had a way of growing very white at times, no one could have discovered an evidence that she was aware that her life was not like that of other young girls. The quiet smile never wholly faded out of her face, no matter how vividly other young ladies drew pictures of gay society and the pleasures belonging to her years and position.

Of the many heroines of whom I have read, and the few whom I have seen, for patient and continued endurance, and for sweet and endless endeavor to make whole the broken life of a mother by the sacrifice of her entire girlhood, Ida Greeley ranks first and most glorious. A man or woman may risk a life, and perhaps give it away entirely under some sudden and compelling inspiration; but it is the long days of self-renunciation, which come one by one, each requiring the same amount of sacrifice, and each one repeating the last more pittifully, which crowns Ida Greeley a saint. And yet she is unconscious of her greatness. Doubtless, she would be amazed should she find her name written among heroic women. The truly great are usually unaware of their moral magnitude.

Miss Ida possesses literary ability, which is somewhat remarkable when devoted to the descriptive, and with opportunity and leisure for study, doubtless she will develop genius. Her sterling qualities of self-forgetfulness, persistent endeavors, quick sympathies and sweet womanliness, are qualities which are rare in degree, and, with quick intellectual perceptions, will make her a woman of extraordinary power.

MISS GABRIELLE GREELEY,

during the last year, has shared her sister's ever increasing duties, as nurse in her mother's sick room, and the beautiful girl has grown sweeter and still more beautiful, because of the sensibilities which have dawned in her heart and blushed out in her face. A few evenings before her mother's decease, and before the coming stroke of death was felt to be approaching, at a pleasant little party, I heard an elderly gentleman, who as certainly believed that Mr. Greeley would be elected as he believed in the promises of the bible, say to Miss Gabrielle:

"I suppose you anticipate much pleasure in the White House."

"No," said she gravely, "I have been hindered from study by mama's long illness, and the necessity of traveling with her, and I am far behind girls of my age in cultivation. Besides, I am weary of seeing strangers, and in the White House I should never escape them. If it would not disappoint papa to be defeated, I had much rather remain in school." Few girls of fifteen could have said that.

In their mother's death, these young girls forgot the political strife raging around them, and scarcely knew of the defeat, even when it came. Their father was so stunned with sore grief that they did not at first observe a deeper bruise upon his heart when one more blow fell upon him, although it turned his brain and murdered him. The mother was a rarely beautiful woman, with a splendor of eyes, and a marvel of delicacy in color, while her hair was a wonder to her friends, even up to the day she died, so dark and luxuriant, and fine and long was it. Her wit was keen, her perceptions incisive and alert, always penetrating to the depths of a deception, to which she was merciless. Her love of truth, about which there was no drapery or affections of any sort whatever, and her instant exposure of disguises, gave her a reputation for severity which was misunderstood by strangers.

Her friendships were sweet and deep and true, and her ambitions were far more intense than her husband's, if such a condition of mind were possible.

She said to the writer when in a confidential talk:

"If I possessed the health, the youth, and the advantages of my daughters, I would shake the world," and she would. You could see that she spoke truth by the flashing of her eyes, and that subtle expression of power which cannot be explained, but which was always fully understood by those who looked in her face. It was her heroic will that saved her life through so many years of illness. Common women would have died, but she recognized the demands which the world, and self-imposed duties, made upon her husband, and she determined to remain long enough to see her daughters fully grown, or mature enough to stand upon their individual forces, and she did.

Inheriting such extraordinary capabilities from both father and mother, Mr. Greeley's daughters can not fail to be an honor to the memory of both.

HYDROPHOBIA OR NOT?

Horrible Death of a Man in Chicago—Bitten by a Dog Over Twenty Years Ago.

From the Chicago Times.

John C. Strickly, engineer on the fire engine William James, died at his late residence, No. 130 West Adams street, at about five o'clock on last evening. The symptoms of his disease indicating strongly that he had hydrophobia. He was in perfect health up to last Thursday evening, when feeling slightly unwell he left the engine house and went home. Shortly after his arrival he was seized with violent convulsions and a physician was summoned but found, after examining the symptoms which his patient exhibited, that he was unable to do anything for him. The patient continued to grow rapidly worse until yesterday morning, when Drs. Andrews, Ingalls, Seely, and Clark were called in, and these held a consultation during the day, but were unable to determine the nature of his disease exactly. Some of his symptoms indicated hydrophobia. At the sight of water or even the mention of it the patient would be seized with violent convulsions some of which would last for a considerable length of time, during which he suffered the most intense agony. His other symptoms, however, were of a character totally different from those heretofore observed in patients afflicted, and since neither his friends nor himself could remember of his ever having been bitten by a dog, except in one instance, over twenty years ago, the physicians were unable to decide upon the real nature of his disease. The convulsions followed each other at intervals of from fifteen minutes to half an hour on yesterday, until about five o'clock, when death relieved him of his intense sufferings. He retained full possession of his faculties up to the last moment.

NEW ORLEANS.

Pinchback Recognized by the Authorities at Washington as the Head of the Legal Government of Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, December 12.—The Eighth District Court to-day issued an order for the arrest of Pinchback [illegible]. Pinchback refused, was protected by deputy [illegible], and No attempt was made to use force in executing the order of court. Pinchback signed the act yesterday abolishing the Eighth District Court. Clinton, the new State Auditor, was installed in office to-day. Mechanic's Institute Legislature took action regarding recalcitrant members. Senate passed a resolution declaring the seats of all absent to-morrow, without good cause, vacant.

The following has been issued and explains itself:

STATE OF LOUISIANA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT NEW ORLEANS, December, 12.—To the people of Louisiana: It is my duty to make known that the President of the United States has formally and officially recognized the State Government of Louisiana, to the head of which I have been called under the constitution of Louisiana. The following dispatch has been received, and is published for the information of all law-abiding citizens of the State, to-wit:

WASHINGTON, December 12.—Acting Governor Pinchback, New Orleans, Louisiana: Let it be understood that you are recognized by the President as the lawful executive of Louisiana, and the body assembled at Mechanic's Institute as the lawful Legislature; and it is suggested that you make proclamation to that effect, and also that all necessary assistance will be given to you and the Legislature herein recognized to protect the State from disorder and violence.

GEORGE H. WILLIAMS,
Attorney General.

Now, therefore, I, P. B. S. Pinchback, Lieutenant Governor, and Acting Governor of the State, do issue this my proclamation, counseling and commanding all citizens to recognize, support and give obediance to the government of the State so recognized. I counsel and command all persons who may be participating in any illegal assembly claiming to be the Legislature of the State assembled elsewhere than at the State-house, "the Mechanic's Institute," to disperse. I request all citizens to aid in maintaining peace and order and obedience to the lawfully constituted authorities, and further more in the discharge of executive duties all combinations of whatever pretence or authority they may allege for their action that they will be held to a strict account for their conduct in the premises and be punished to the utmost extent of the law for the violation of good order of society or disregard of the dignity and peace of the State, and I now command and will enforce obedience to all laws which may have been enacted or may be enacted by the General Assembly of the State now in session at the State-House.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State affixed at New Orleans, this 12th day of December, 1872, and of the independence of the United States the ninety-seventh.

P. B. S. PINCHBACK,
Acting Governor of Louisiana.
By the Governor:
Geo. E. BOVEE, Secretary of State.

The President and His Late Opponent.

The Washington correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Chronicle* says.

The President's attendance at the funeral of Horace Greeley, and the parliamentary success of Mr. Cameron in securing a premature adjournmen of the senate, and preventing the utterance of the kindly words that trembled on the lips of sympathizing friends, are the events that are receiving a public estimate corresponding with their suggestive contrast.

President Grant, I hazard nothing in saying, was never heard to utter a word in derogation of Horace Greeley. Before the two became rivals for the executive office, the latter, in his capacity as a journalist, was severe in his comments upon the official acts of the President and the policy of his administration; but the President was satisfied with the defense of his political friends, and treasured up no feeling of personal resentment. When success was achieved, the sorrow and disappointment of his late rival called for his sympthy, and it was accorded warmly and heartily. When the startling announcement was received—"It is done"—no one was more deeply moved than President Grant. His attendence at the funeral was no mere form. He went in obedience to a magnanimous impulse, to attest his appreciation of one whose power of intellect and purity of life had commanded respect and emulation. For this the President is receiving commendation and honor from every portion of the country and from men of all political creeds.

How different is it with Mr. Cameron! An opportunity was afforded him to gratify a petty resentment towards the dead, by the springing of a parliamentary trap. And he did it. By insisting upon the adjournment of the senate, he smothered the utterance of a word of respect in that body, to the memory of a man who had arrived at the greatest eminence ever attained by one of his profession. It was a spiteful kick at a dead foe; and it was a triumph that afforded gratification to but one living man—Simon Cameron.

I spoke of the contrast between the acts of the two men. It is very great and each successful.

New Advertisements.

OLDEST & BEST

1786---1873.

In the 87th Year of its Existence.

With Increased Facilities, Determination and Resources, to make this Long Established Journal

A More Welcome Visitant

Than Ever to the Business Places and Homes of the People,

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY

PITTSBURGH GAZETTE

Enters upon a new year, which it will be the aim of its proprietors to make the brightest and most useful in its history.

Increasing business in all its departments has recently made additions and improvements necessary in its mechanical arrangements, so that now

The "Gazette" is the Largest Daily Paper Printed in Pennsylvania.

With this has come added efficiency to its editorial, commercial and news departments, fully keeping it abreast with the great journals of the country in all the essentials of an interesting and instructive newspaper.

ITS GENERAL PURPOSE.

This will be to intelligently discuss all public questions from a progressive standpoint. It will give a cordial and enlightened support to the organization, principles and representatives of the Republican Party, as the best means of maintaining national unity and the equal rights of all under the Constitution. THE GAZETTE does not believe the mission of that party accomplished with the success of its great elemental principles, nor that it should be allowed to fall into the dry-rot of political decay, or made a mere machine for personal promotion. It has other and higher duties, in fostering an exalted Patriotism, promoting Universal Education, making Economy and Fidelity the watchwords of the public service, State, Federal and Social and advocate all Polity of the great. Progress [illegible] the greatest numbers. Believing that all needed Reforms are possible within the Republican Party, the GAZETTE will seek to promote them therein, rather than create schism and disorganization; but to be effective in this respect, it will hold itself free to criticise and condemn where censure is demanded by the interests of the Party or the People. Independent of cliques, leadership or combinations, it will aspire to represent and advise its great constituency with frankness and honesty.

ITS NEWS DEPARTMENT

In respect to the early publication of News, the GAZETTE will have increased advantages during the year. The Globe is now encircled by the Telegraph, and its membership of the great Press Association for obtaining intelligence from every quarter of the world, places the GAZETTE on an equality with the Metropolitan journals of this country and Europe. Its Commercial Reports, home and abroad, are noted for their accuracy and absolute freedom from speculative influences. Its Local Intelligence is gathered by a corps of active and reliable reporters, securing to our readers the first news of most important Home events. During the sessions of Congress and the Legislature and Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, Special Correspondents at Washington, Harrisburg and Philadelphia will group in attractive form the salient features of their proceedings. The highest aim of journalism is now the speedy and correct transmission of news in all its important details. The GAZETTE accepts this as the only limits of its enterprise.

The Weekly Gazette

Has now a circulation far in excess of any political journal published in Pennsylvania. It demands and receives careful supervision in all its departments. Its day of publication is so arranged as to suit all the mails from this city. Its price is fixed at a figure purposely low to attract a large subscription list, making it the Cheapest and Largest Paper of the kind in the State.

Its Editorial, News, Commercial River, Financial, Religious, Agricultural, Scientific and Literary Departments will be conducted with the same earnest desire to command the public approbation which has already been conspicuously manifested, and which confessedly regards the GAZETTE as the special organ and most reliable reporter for the leading interest of Western Pennsylvania.

The Market Reports of the WEEKLY GAZETTE are a standard authority in commercial circles throughout this region—Its files are acceptable as authority for reference in the courts of the county in important issues, to determine the rulings of prices at any given period in dispute.

TERMS:

DAILY GAZETTE:

One Year	$8 00
Six Months	5 00
Three Months	2 00

Delivered in any part of the Cities and adjacent Boroughs for 15 Cents Per Week, payable to the Carriers.

WEEKLY GAZETTE:

Single Copy, per year	$1 50
Clubs of Five, each copy	1 25
Clubs of Ten, each copy	1 15

And one to the getter up of the names.

Specimen Copies furnished on application to the Proprietors. Address,

King, Reed & Co.,
GAZETTE BUILDING,
Cor. Sixth Avenue and Smithfield Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Election Notice.

NATIONAL BANK OF BEAVER COUNTY,
NEW BRIGHTON, December 12, 1872.

The Stockholders of the National Bank of Beaver County, are hereby notified that the Annual Meeting for the election of NINE (9) DIRECTORS for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House in New Brighton, on the SECOND TUESDAY (14th day) of JANUARY next (1873), between the hours of twelve o'clock, m., and 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day. By order of the Board.

dec18;3w EDWARD HOOPS, Cashier.

New Adevrtisements.

A. HANAUER,

BROADWAY,

NEW BRIGHTON, PA.,

MILLINERY,

Fancy Goods,

LACES,

TRIMMINGS

NOTIONS

DRESS & CLOAK-MAKING,

STAMPING AND

EMBROIDERY,

—THE—

Best Department

IN BEAVER COUNTY.

And Prices Low.

dec4;tf

M. SCHIFF,

Dry-Goods at auction prices for sixty days only! M. Schiff, New-Brighton, is determined to close out his entire Stock of Dry-Goods regardless of cost, in as short a time as possible, as M. SCHIFF intends to devote all his attention in the future to the

Manufacturer of Woolen and Cotton Hosiery.

Those who want bargains are respectfully invited to call at once, and they will have a chance to make their selection out of a Well Selected Stock.

oct16m.

A. W. ERWIN & CO.,

IMPORTERS

Jobbers

AND

RETAILERS

—OF—

DRY-GOODS,

JOB LOTS

FROM

EASTERN

AUCTION

SALES

Nos. 172 and 174,

Federal Street,

Allegheny

CITY.

dec18 1y

Business Man's College,

No. 6 SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Book-Keeping, Penmanship and Arithmetic,

TIME UNLIMITED, $50.00.

Enter at any time. Send for a Circular and Specimen of Penmanship. Address

dec18-4w.] N. SHAFFER.

Auditor's Notice.

In the Orphan's Court of Beaver county, in the matter of the final account (Real) of Daniel Figley, administrator of the estate of Henry Baker, deceased.

SEAL And now, to wit: November 13th, 1872, John M. Buchanan, esq., an auditor to distribute the balance in the hands of the administrator, to and among those legally entitled thereto. From the record. JOHN C. HART, Clerk.

The Auditor above named will attend to the duties of his appointment at the Court House in Beaver, on TUESDAY, the 28th day of January 1873, at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where all parties interested may attend.

dec18 td JOHN M. BUCHANAN, *Auditor.*

Miscellaneous.

A. HANAUER,

BEAVER FALLS, BEAVER COUNTY, Pa.

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, GENTS'

Furnishing and Fancy Goods, Furs, Hats, Caps,

Trunks, Valices and Notions.

Assortment always Complete and Prices very Low.

Beaver Falls, December 4, 1872.tf

B 5 B

SPECIALTIES

—AT—

128 FEDERAL Street,

SILK CLOAKING VELVETS.

DoubleCape&DolmanCloaks

FROM $10 TO $40.

OTTOMAN SHAWLS,

BLACK ALPACAS,

We have in Stock of the above enumerated items, styles, qualities and prices, sufficient to attract purchasers.

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE.

BOGGS & BUHL.

128 Federal St.,

Apr10,'72;1y] ALLEGHENY, PA

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary to the estate of W. H. Powers deceased, of the borough of New Brighton, in the county of Beaver, Pa., having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said borough, therefore, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby requested to make known the same to the undersigned without delay; and all those indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment.

nov27 6w W. S. MORLAN

The Largest and Best Stock of

FURNITURE

WEST OF THE MOUNTAINS

Of our own Manufacture, will be found

At the Mammoth Furniture Establishment of

C. C. HAMMER & SONS,

The newest and most approved styles of Fine and Medium Furniture, in larger variety than any other house, at very reasonable prices. Persons furnishing houses would do well to write for our new circular, or when in Pittsburgh, we respectfully solicit a visit to our warerooms. Don't forget the place,

46, 48 & 50 Seventh Av., Pittsburgh,

We challenge the world for prices in the same quality of material and workmanship of our goods

Cut this out nov20:3m

ADMINISTRATOR'S Notice. *Estate of John Doherty, dec'd.*—Letters of administration on the estate of John Doherty, late of the borough of Bridgewater, in the county of Beaver, and State of Pennsylvania, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said borough, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make known the same to the undersigned without delay.

nov6;6w JAS. H. DOHERTY, Adm'r.

JNO. P. DEAN,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

HARDWARE,

No. 81 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

American, English, and German Cutlery, Spencer & Nicholson Files, Disston's Saws, and Boynton's Lightning Saws; Beatty's and Yerke's and Plumb's Hatchets; Eastern Manufactures and Pittsburgh Novelty Locks and Latches, Mann's, Lippincott's and Graff's Axes; Axes and Rowland's Shovels, Blacksmiths' Tools, Ohio Tool Co's Planes; Coil, Trace and other chains, New London W. B. Globe, National and other Horse Nails; Fire Irons, Stands, Shovels and pokers; Pratt al Clothes Wringers, and a full line of general Hardware at the LOWEST Market RATES

Agent for Park Bros. & Co's Steel oc 16 6m

Rowell & Co.'s Advertisements.

Agents Wanted for Cobbin's

Child's Commentator

On the BIBLE for the HOME CIRCLE

1,200 pages, 250 Engravings. The best enterprize of the year for agents. Every family will have it. *Nothing like it now published.* For circulars address H. S. GOODSPEED & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—We guarantee employment for all, either sex, at $5 a day or $2,000 or more a year. New works by *Mrs. H. B. Stowe*, and others. Superb premiums given away. Money made rapidly and easily at work for us. Write and see. Particulars free. WORTHINGTON, DUSTIN & CO., Hartford, Ct. dec 4,1m

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. dec6, 4w

ACCIDENTS.

Insure in the TRAVELERS of Hartford Ct.

GLITSCH'S IMPERIAL RUSSIAN Mustard.—Wholesale to the trade. Single cans sent postpaid, on receipt of $1. W. HERMAN T. FRUEAUFF, Reading, Pa. 4w

BOOKKEEPING *Made Easy*. Every clerk and merchant can learn at once. Book mailed 50c. H. GOLDING BRYANT, Buffalo, N. Y. nov. 4w

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS, ETC.,

Send for Illustrated Catalogue to

BRADLEY&CURRIER, 54&56 Dey St, New York

A GREAT EVENT!

We have decided to dispose of our Immense stock of Billiard Tables at prices a little above cost—First Class 5x10 New Tables complete, $200. Second-hand Tables made over new, $200, $225, $250, &c. A great variety to suit all buyers. Send for Catalogue. KAVANAGH & DECKER, nov6, 4w. Cor. Canal and Centre sts, New York.

Rose of Cashmere Hair Tonic

Is unsurpassed as a Promoter of the Growth of Hair and Whiskers. It is neither sticky nor greasy, yet it softens and smooths the Hair far better and more permanently than any Oil or Pomade. Used as a Hair Dressing, it produces a most beautiful and lustrous gloss. Warranted perfectly harmless. Its exquisite perfume is quite unrivaled, being distilled from the world renowned Roses of Cashmere. Large bottles only 50cts. Address ASCHENBACH & MILLER, 400 N. Third street, Philadelphia, Pa. dec 6 4w

The Weekly Sun.

ONLY $1 A YEAR, 8 PAGES.

The Best Family Paper.

The Best Agricultural Paper.

The Best Political Paper.

The Best Story Paper.

The Best Fashion Reports.

The Best Cattle Market Reports

The Best General Market Reports

The Best Paper Every Way.

THE WEEKLY NEW YORK SUN. Eight Pages, 56 columns. $1 a year, or less than 2 cents a number. Send your dollar.

Address THE SUN, New York City

Wanted to Borrow

FOR a term of from one to five years, any sum of money from $100 to $10,000, at a rate of interest not exceeding eight per cent. per annum, for the use of the Borough of Beaver Falls, and secured by the Bonds of the Corporation. Apply to, or address MARTIN METZGAR, President of Council.

Beaver Falls, Pa., Nov. 25, 1872.—dec4tf

Miscellaneous.

READ OUR OFFER.

A BEAUTIFUL

$5 Chromo For Nothing!

"Early Morn," and "The Young Foragers."

We will present one of the above beautiful Chromos to each subscriber to either of the following Papers or Magazines:

Harper's Weekly, $4.
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Leslie's Ladies' Mag. $4
Harper's Magazine, $4.
Moore's Rural New Yorker, $4.
Hearth and Home, $4
Godey's Lady's Book $3
Waverly Magazine, $5.

New York Weekly $3
New York Ledger $3
Fireside Companion $3
Saturday Night $3
Phrenological Journal $3
American Volunteer $[illegible]
Prairie Farmer $3
Scientific American $3
Peterson's Magazine $[illegible]
Address all orders

Pittsburgh Supply Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

sept18,3m

L. R. NORTON,

Pianos & Organs,

118 SMITHFIELD ST.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

—o—

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FOR THE CELEBRATED

JEWETT & GOODMAN

ORGAN

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

nov20;3m

FOR SALE,

A Fresh Cow and Calf.

nov20-tf.] Inquire at this office.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

A Serial Story By Dr. HOLLAND. New Story By SAXE HOLM. A Long Story from BRET HARTE. BRILLIANT ARRAY of CONTRIBUTORS

CLARENCE COOK on Furniture [illegible]

R. H. STODDARD On Authors.

Extraordinary Inducements to New Subscribers. 500 Pages for $100! &c., &c.

The Publisher's of *Scribner's Monthly* [illegible] Prospectus just issued promise for the [illegible] year a more brilliant array of contributors [illegible] an increase in the variety and beauty of its illustrations, already conceded by the critics to be *"finer than any which have hitherto appeared in any American magazine."*

Dr. HOLLAND, the editor, will write the [illegible] story of the year, which will be autobiographic in form, and will be illustrated by Miss H[illegible]. It is entitled *Arthur Bonnicastle* and [illegible] with some of the most difficult problems [illegible] ican Life. It will be commenced in the [illegible] ber Number.

There will be a new story by SAXE H[illegible] *One-Legged Dancers.*

BRET HARTE, the *best writer* [illegible] now living, will contribute a [illegible] entitled *The Epic of Fubilet*[illegible] illustrated by Sheppard.

R. H. STODDARD will write a [illegible] taining papers about *Authors, the[illegible] acteristics, Home Life, Families* [illegible] *and Ways.* A series of *Portraits* [illegible] *ican Writers* is also promised.

CLARENCE COOK will write a [illegible] *the Decoration of American Homes* [illegible] pers will be eminently practical [illegible] and will be illustrated with designs [illegible] by numerous artists in addition [illegible] the writer himself will furnish.

Among those who will contribute [illegible] Hans Anderson, Bryant, Bushnell, [illegible] Froude, Higginson, Bishop H[illegible] Harte, John Hay, H. H., Mac[illegible] Miss Phelps, Steadman, Stockton [illegible] Thaxter, Warner, Wilkinson, [illegible] sides a host of others.

The editorial control and direction [illegible] azine will remain in the hands of Dr. H[illegible] will continue to write *The Top*[illegible] which the New York *Independent* says [illegible] widely quoted than any [illegible] American magazine.

Watson Gilder [illegible] as hitherto. Prof. [illegible] Department of [illegible] *and Progress* [illegible]

[illegible] $4 00 a year [illegible]

[illegible]

SCRIBNER & CO., 654 Broadway.

FALL OF 1872.

JUST RECEIVED AT

GEO. BRAUN'S

[illegible]

Tailoring Establishment

A Large [illegible] Carefully Selected Stock of

CLOTHS, COA[illegible] VESTINGS

BEAVERS, Etc.,

WHICH ARE UNSURPASSED

ANYWHERE IN BEAVER VALLEY

Suits made up on short notice and in the

LATEST STYLES

[illegible]

NEATNESS,

DURABILITY AND

CHEAPNESS

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Don't forget the place,

On Broadway, opposite the

NEW BROADWAY HALL,

NEW-BRIGHTON, PA.

Where the public are invited to call and

EXAMINE for THEMSELVES

sep11 [illegible] GEO. BRAUN.

GET THE BEST!

HOWE'S STANDARD

SCALES,

Sampson Standard Scales.

Also, Store & Baggage

Trucks, Patent Cash Drawers, and Grocers's Supplies. SCALES REPAIRED.

W. A. McCLURG,

General [illegible] Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send for [illegible] and Price List [illegible]

OMAHA LOTTERY

To be Drawn in Public [illegible]

Tickets $1. Each or Six for [illegible]

Tickets sent by Express C. O. D. [illegible]

1 Grand Cash Prize, [illegible]
1 Grand Cash Prize, [illegible]
1 Grand Cash Prize, [illegible]
1 Grand Cash Prize [illegible]
1 Cash Prize, [illegible]
1 Cash Prize, [illegible]
2 Cash Prizes, $3,000 each [illegible]
4 Cash Prizes, $2,000 each [illegible]
2 Cash Prizes $1,000 each [illegible]

For balance of Prizes send for [illegible]

This Legal Enterprise is endorsed [illegible] est authority of the State and business [illegible]

The limited number of Tickets [illegible] furnished those who apply first. [illegible] be paid in full. AGENTS WANTED [illegible] ticulars address J. M. PATTEE, 3sep-oct23 6w] General Manager, Omaha, N[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED!

The unparalleled success of "[illegible] Sewing Machine," East and West [illegible] a good opportunity for Sewing M[illegible] agents and responsible men to take agency for this County. [illegible] samples of work and terms, a[illegible]

The Victor

Sewing Machine Co.,

J. L. FERGUSON,

MANAGER,

No. 1227 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Agents Wanted!!

CIRCULARS FOR STAMP.

To Sell his Novelties and Books! SAMPLES ONE DOLLAR

To Sell his Novelties and Books! SAMPLES ONE DOLLAR

WE DEAL ON THE SQUARE!
WE DEAL ON THE SQUARE!

By A. C. DALTON,

dec4-1m At North Vineland, N. J.

The Beaver Argus.

Beaver, Pa., December 18, 1872

Circulation Thirteen Hundred.

Rates of Advertising.

	3w.	6w.	3m	6m	1 yr.
[illegible]	$2 00	$3 00	$5 00	$7 00	$10 00
do	3 50	5 00	7 00	10 00	15 00
do	5 00	6 00	9 00	12 00	18 00
do	6 00	8 00	10 50	15 00	21 00
[illegible]	8 00	11 00	15 00	20 00	28 00
[illegible]	11 00	[illegible]	20 00	[illegible]	50 00
[illegible]	22 00	30 00	38 00	[illegible]	100 00

[illegible]strators' and Executors' Notices $3 00
[illegible] notices per line, ten cents
[illegible] payments to be made Quarterly [illegible]
[illegible] advertisements which [illegible]

JOB WORK.

[illegible] Bills 25 copies or less $2 00
[illegible] copies or less 50
[illegible] Bills 25 copies or less 3 00
[illegible] copies or less 75
[illegible] Bills 25 copies or less 5 00
[illegible]ditional copies or less 1 50
[illegible] Bills 25 copies or less 8 00
[illegible]itional copies or less 2 00
[illegible] five pages or less 15 00
[illegible] page 2 00
[illegible] quire .... 2 [illegible]
[illegible] quire .... 1 [illegible]
[illegible] work at same rates.

TIME TABLE.

[Cl]eveland & Pittsburgh R. R.—Trains [illegible] leave Beaver Station as follows: Mor[ning] [illegible] 9 19; Mail, 2 37 p. m.; Evening Fast [illegible]

[illegible] going West leave Beaver Station as fol[lows]: [illegible] 6 46 a. m.; Accommodation 5 10 p. m.

[T]he attention of the public is directed [to the] following New Advertisements [whic]h appear for the first time in the [Argus] to-day:

[illegible] Notice—Singer Sewing Machine C
[illegible] Notice—Mustang Liniment C
[illegible] Notice—Holloway's Pills C
[illegible] Notice—Nat Bank Beaver Co 1sq 3w
[illegible] Notice—B L H Dabbs 16
[illegible] Oliver Frew 2sq-2w
[illegible] Notice—John M Buchanan 1½sqs 1d
[illegible] Notice—Wade Wilson 6 2w
[illegible] Notice—R Steinfeld 13
[illegible] N Shaffer 1sq-4w
[illegible] Notice—Townsend & Son 14
[illegible] W Erwin & Co 3sq 1y
[illegible] Notice—J M McCreery & Co 11
[illegible] Notice—Concert Vanport 30
[illegible]sement List of Causes 9-sqs-3w

[An]other Valuable Farm Sold.—[Me]ssrs Stevenson & Wittish, real estate [agen]ts of Beaver Falls, disposed of the [farm o]f W. R. Nair esq., in Big Beaver [town]ship, last week. The farm was [sold fo]r $9,000, and being a good one, was [wort]h the sum named.

[illegible] Boys Astracan Caps to be had at [the] Cheap Store, Rochester, Pa. Dec.11;2w

[T]emperance Sermon—In re[sponse to a re]quest from the Beaver Coun[ty Tem]perance Society courteously exten[ded, a se]rmon on Temperance will be de[livered] in the First Presbyterian [church at] [illegible] o'clock a. m., on next Sabbath [illegible] by the Pastor. All—especially [young] people—are invited to attend.

[illegible] Go and see the Holiday Goods at [the Ch]eap Store of Will Smith, Roches[ter]. Dec.11;2w

[F]atal Casualty—We were pained [o]n last Monday morning to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Reel Wray of Brighton township, this county. On the Sabbath evening preceding he was riding one of his horses to water, and the animal becoming playful, threw Mr. Wray off, which resulted in injuries causing his death at 6 a. m. the next morning.

Mr. Wray was upwards of 50 years of a[ge and] was one of our best and most [highl]y esteemed citizens. His sudden [death] has cast a gloom over the whole [co]mmunity. The sad event has again [illegible] that "in the midst of life we [are in death."]

[illegible] S K N [illegible] [illegible] the Cheap Store [illegible] Dec. 11;2w

[illegible] Cod Liv[er Oil, H]azard & Caswell's, made on the [sea shore fr]om fresh, selected livers, by [Hazard, Caswe]ll & Co., New York. It [is absolutely] pure and sweet. Patients [who have once] taken it prefer it to all [others. Physicians] have decided it su[perior to any] of the other oils in the mar[ket]. nov20 12t

[C]happed hands, face, rough skin, [pimples], ringworm, salt-rheum, and [other cutane]ous affections cured, and the [skin made] soft and smooth, by using the [Juniper] Tar Soap, made by Caswell, [Hazard] & Co., New York. Be certain [to get] the Juniper Tar Soap, as there are [many] worthless imitations made with [common] tar. nov20-3m

[N]otice to Agents and Others.—[Here]after we will make no contracts [with] advertisers for the insertion of cuts [of any de]scription in the Argus. Ad[vertise]ments will, as usual, be set up [and] properly displayed with our [own ty]pe, but electrotypes, &c., will be [refused i]n the future. We make this [early] announcement so that our agents [and oth]ers may govern themselves ac[cordingly]. tf

[F]ree of Charge.—Call at Hugo An[dries]sen's Beaver Drug Store, Beaver, [and] get a sample bottle of Dr. A. Bo[schee's] German Syrup, *free of charge*. It [has lat]ely been introduced in this coun[try fro]m Germany, and for any person [suffe]ring with a severe cough, heavy [cold] settled on the breast, consumption [or an]y disease of the throat and lungs it [has] no equal in the world. Our regular [size b]ottles 75 cents. In all cases money [will b]e promptly returned if perfect sat[isfacti]on is not given. Two doses will [reli]eve any case. Try it. nov20;1y

[illegible] New Style Corded Dress Goods, [Al]pacas, delains, poplins, plaids in great [v]ariety; beautiful styles; just received [a]t the cheap store of W A Smith, Roch[ester]. Dec. 11;2w

List of letters [rem]aining in Beaver [P]. O. Dec. 1st 1872.

Mr J D Akenna — Samuel Adams esq. care J B Anderson esq.
[Mi]ss Minnie Adams — Mrs Barbara Dawson
[illegible] J Duncan
[Mi]ss Catharine Gag[illegible] — Messrs Jonas Allwine & Co
[illegible]s Laughlan — Charles May
[Mi]ss Nancy Moore — Mrs Elizabeth Ann McLougay
[illegible] Aaron Moore
[illegible] G Potter esq — S Porter 2
[illegible] Wm Rratler — Mr C A Rearbaugh
[illegible] James C Shoffer — Miss Lizzie Sill
[illegible] Tray — David Woodruff
[illegible] G Wigle

M. A. McGAFFICK, P. M.

[illegible] Millinery Goods in abundance, [illegible] cheaper than ever before, at Will [Smith']s, Rochester. Dec 11;2w

[T]he Slowest Railroad Ever Heard of.—A correspondent of the [illegible] Sun recently wrote to his pa[per as f]ollows:

[illegible] trains from Oswego to Syr[acuse are] thirty six miles long. I [illegible] cars move so slow [illegible] [illegible] backward [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] danger is, the stuffing [illegible] around the axles will freeze. [The s]creech of the locomotive is very [mu]ch kind of like the warble of a four[-year-ol]d boy, blowing through a knot-[hole in] a board fence. It is capable of [givin]g a grasshopper a thrill of alarm, [but i]t'll scare a cow worth a cent. The [conduct]or, engineer, and fireman always [walk] ahead of the train to look for brok[en rail]s and the cows always run ahead [of it] to keep out of dust. I tried an [experi]ment. Two trains were passing, [I st]uck a match out of the window [and let] the head of it rub against a pass[ing car]. It went so slow I couldn't [get it] alight. If you ever take a trip [from] Oswego to Syracuse over that road, [you] want to take lots of clothing, a whole [[illegible]] and a barrel of corned beef along [illegible]

[illegible] good buggies, wagons, carriages, [illegible] wagons, sulkeys, buck-boards, [illegible] to Ingraham Boyd's, near the [illegible] in Rochester. All orders prompt[ly atte]nded to. sept4;1y

[A]lmost Minus a Court House.—[Th]e good people of Beaver county came very near losing their Court House on last Wednesday. At about noon on that day the alarm of fire was heard in the [dire]ction of the Court House, and on get[ti]ng nearer that locality it was discover[ed] that the Court House roof was burn[in]g. A number of men soon made their way to the top of the building, and the citizens meanwhile were active in gath[er]ing up buckets, carrying water, and handing it up to those who had got to the fire. It was finally put out, but not until the roof was considerably damaged. Had the fire occurred at night or while a heavy wind was prevailing, the building would most certainly have been destroyed. The fire originated from a defective flue.

* * *

Furs! Furs! Furs! Furs! selling at "panic prices," at the cheap store of Will Smith, Rochester. Dec.11;2w

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—Those who wish to furnish their parlors with fancy coal and wood cases, or their chambers with fancy setts, or to obtain any of all kinds of fancy house furnishing goods, in order to look nice through the Holidays, can do so by calling at the Beaver Falls Co-operative Store, Reeves brick block. Mr. Bateman will take pleasure in showing the goods; while there, please examine the Jubilee, a soft coal base burner magazine, self feeding piston stove. Dec.18;2w

Concert.—There will be an Exhibition and Concert in Vanport M E Church on Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec 26th and 27th. Admission 25 cents; proceeds for benefit of Sabbath School.

The largest stock and finest assortment of Ladies' and Children's Furs in all the best and latest styles is being displayed at J M McCreery & Co's.

Tax Collectors' Receipts, &c., for Sale.—We have just printed and have for sale, a lot of blank tax receipts, such as are given by borough and township collectors. We have also on hand, deeds, mortgages, executions, warrants, subpœnas, summons, bonds, &c., &c., all of which will be sold at the usual rates. tf

$75,000 in Cash for $1.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of the Nebraska State Orphan Asylum. Here is a chance to win a fortune in public legal drawing, and at the same time help a noble and worthy institution. no6v-8w

A FARM FOR A STORE.—A first-class Dry Goods and Grocery Store in a good location, near to the best markets in this county—now doing a good business—can be had for a good farm. Store and building valued at from $15,000 to $20,000. The best reasons given for wanting to exchange. Apply to, or addres Stevenson & Wittish, Beaver Falls, Pa. [je12;tf

FURS! FURS!—Cheapest in the county at Hibbard's, Rochester. Dec. 11;2w

There is a Type Ring in this country to which every type founder in the United States belongs. In consequence of the enormous and thieving tariff, these gentleman of the Ring are enabled to put such prices on their wares as suits them, and just now it suits them to charge printers and publishers 50 per cent. profit on nearly every pound of type sold! How long will the newspapers stand this sort of bleeding? Every paper in the country ought to protest against such robbery, until Congress would be forced to reduce the unjust tariff on foreign type and thus compel the home sharks to be just. *Zanesville Signal.*

The above article expresses our sentiments exactly. We can't see the propriety of making the many thousand printers of this country, pay tribute to a half dozen or so of type founders.

—Holiday presents and toys at J M McCreery's.

Robert M Agnew, esq., son of Judge Agnew, of the Supreme Court, was admitted to the practice of law on Friday evening, after a creditable examination in open court. *Gettysburg Compiler.*

Mr. A. being a native of Beaver, we [congratulate] him upon his admission to the bar under such favorable circumstances. He is a young gentleman of excellent attainments and marked ability, and will no doubt soon take a high rank in his profession.

—Fine display of Fancy and Staple Dress Goods during the holidays at J M McCreery's & Co's.

Rights of Postmasters.—Letters sent through the post office are not to be opened by postmasters or their employees on any account, even although the communications sent are in violation of law. This is the opinion of the attorney general of the United States and until reversed by a competent court is law to the department. Although it may give some facilities to swindlers, venders of obscene literature, etc., the decision is a proper one. Any other would leave the door open to abuses of what should be carefully guarded as a sacred trust—the sancity of private correspondence while passing through the mails. Once give an evil inclined or prying officer a discretion as to opening letters believed to be unlawful communications, and he will soon lapse into the habit of suspecting letters he may have some other motive for looking into. Absolute sanctity for all letters is the only safeguard. As to the swindlers and venders of obscene literature who sometimes take advantage of post office facilities to aid them in their nefarious work, there are other methods of dealing with them, in the regular course of postal proceedings and by due course of law. All good postmasters and postal employees will be glad to hear of this decision, and on all others the restraint will be salutary.

Shawls selling cheaper than ever, look at the prices, good shawls for one dollar and fifty cents (1 50), fine shawls 3.50. Come to the cheap store, Rochester, Pa. Dec.11;2w

—Toys, Toys, Toys, Toys at J M McCreery & Co's.

Concert.—The concert given in the M. E. Church in Beaver on last Thursday evening, for Prof. Beuter's benefit was a grand success. The large audience room was well filled on the occasion, and the audience was highly delighted with the entertainment. The performers were Miss Jennie Wimans, Miss Clara Ickes, Miss L. French, Miss L. Hurlburt, Miss E. Loomis, Miss M. Holmes, Miss M. French, Miss Ch. Garver, Miss A. Morton, and Prof. Beuter, Messrs Critchlow and Couch. A heavy business in the way of encoring was done throughout the entertainment.

DRY GOODS.—Dress goods, millinery goods and notions, "way down," black alpaca at 25 cts a yard, muslin one yard [wide] one inch wide for ten cts., at Hibbard's, Rochester. Dec. 11;2w

Rabbit [illegible]

PRICES.—The low prices at which Hibbard, Rochester sells goods, saves his customers a big per cent. on their money, give him a trial. Dec 11;2w

Diptheria.—We regret to say that we have several cases of diptheria in Beaver at the present time. The family of William Orr, esq., have been severely afflicted with the malady for the past ten days or two weeks, but are now all getting better again. There have been no fatal cases thus far in our town, and it is to be hoped that we will have none to chronicle in the near future.

Persons about visiting Pittsburgh should not fail to visit the extensive Photographic Rooms of B. L. H. Dabbs, 46 and 48 Sixth Street, Reception and Show room on the ground floor.

Mr. Dabbs' reputation as an Artist and Photographer is second to none in the world, and his pictures have always given entire satisfaction; one of the most important parts in a good picture, is the position, and in that, Mr. D. greatly excels, and has the happy facility of making every one good-looking, and yet, making a perfect likeness. Do not fail to call on him, if only to see the great improvements in photography.

County Institute.—The county institute convened in the Court House on Monday forenoon. During that day the attendance was not large. On the succeeding day, however, quite a number of teachers put in an appearance. The session promises to be one full of interest to the public and teachers.

GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

BY WILL M. CARLTON.

My business on the jury's done—the quibblin' all is through—
I've watched the lawyers, right and left, and give my verdict true;
I stuck so long unto my chair I thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself they'll get me there ag'in.
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay;
I'm loose at last, and thank the Lord, I'm going home to day.

I've somehow felt uneasy, like, since first day I come down;
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sunday, rightly sets;
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow, galls and frets.
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-salt and gray—
I'll have it on in half a jiff when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as anyone—
As well as any woman could—to see that things was done;
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot out doors;
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores;
But nothing prospers half so well, when I go off to stay,
And I will put things to shape when I get home to day.

The mornin' that I come away we had a little bout;
I coolly took my hat and left before the show was out;
For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offense,
And she was always quick at words, and ready to commence.
But then, she's first one to give up when she had her say,
And she will meet me with a kiss when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him if they can;
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!
The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'd ever want to see!
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—
That God should pick that sweet boquet and fling it down to us!
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child looks like her.
She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me anyway,
And light my heart up with her smiles, when I go home to-day!

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week and then gets back again.
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often I'll be bound
Some homesick fellow meets his folks and hugs 'em all around.
But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm goin' home to-day.

Splendid suits for $10, at R. Steinfeld's.

If you want to enjoy yourself go to the Exhibition and Concert at Vanport. Admission 25 cents.

Dolls, toys, and fancy goods for the Holidays, a fine assortment at the cheap store of W. A. Smith, Rochester. Dec. 11;2w

Arresting Teachers for Flogging Children.—While our county institute is in session in Beaver, it may not be out of place for us to inform the teachers present, that the mania for arresting school teachers for inflicting corporeal punishment is raging terribly in some sections of our State. Franklin, Petroleum Centre, and other towns north of those places have been doing a heavy business in that line latterly. Oil City, not desiring to be left behind in work of that character, got up a case of its own last week. Miss Egbert, a school teacher of that place, gave the son of J J Vandegrift, a millionaire, a first-class whipping, whereupon the man of means had her arrested, tried, but to his utter disgust, she was acquitted. What he will now do about it has not transpired.

Always selling at the very lowest prices at the cheap store, Rochester. Dec. 11;2w

Look out for the new brick building, mansard roof, Lock St., Broadway New Brighton.

DON'T FORGET the Exhibition and Concert in the M E Church at Vanport, on Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec. 26th and 27th.

"Strapped" Printers have been visiting Beaver this week in platoons, companies, and battalions. We confidently expect a regiment of them next week. They all represented themselves as being "out of sorts." If their looks on leaving town were any indication, we judge they went as they came—"out of sorts" still. Beaver is not a good place for "strapped" printers to come to. They can do much better in the south, and the farther they go in that direction the better it will be for them. When this fact is once generally known we presume they will give us a wide berth.

HOLIDAY GOODS.—Cheap at Hibbard's, Rochester, Pa. Dec. 11;2w

The nicest stock of gents furnishing goods, are got at R. Steinfeld.

IF you are a married man bring your wife and family to the Exhibition and Concert at Vanport.

Personal.—James H. Stokes, a native of Beaver, but for several years past doing business as a merchant in Sharpsville, Mercer county, paid our town a flying visit on last Saturday. We are glad to learn that he is in good health and prospering financially.

Capt. James Ransom of Phillipsburgh, this county, went to texas in the fall to run the steamer Nora on the Trinity river, but after being at Galveston a couple of weeks, the boat took fire and was totally destroyed. Capt. R. has therefore returned to his home in this county, looking well after making the trip.

FACT.—Not necessary for Hibbard to advertise in the county papers, his prices and customers advertise for him. Dec. 11;2w

Narrow Escape from Fire.—Power's livery stable in Rochester came very near being destroyed by fire one day last week. The flame originated in a small business room on the first floor of the building, during the temporary absence of the proprietor, but fortunately some passers-by saw the condition of things inside, through the window, and at once bursted the door open and extinguished the fire. A few minutes more and the whole building would have been in flames.

About Ladies and Babies.—Somebody says the young ladies of a neighboring town tie up their taper fingers, and when the young gentleman callers in the evening inquire the cause blushingly reply: "I burnt them while broiling the beafsteak this morning."

Tompkins never used to have any mind of his own, but since he has been married his wife has given him so many pieces of hers that he now has a very respectable mental endowment.

Fashionable society is beginning to brush up and prepare for the campaign. Elderly, unmarried daughters are brought forward, polished and tinted for the front row, while the younger sisters are kept more in the back ground. The young men look grave, and are more ready for flirtations than real business.

When babies are taken to church they ought to be checked and flung—at the door. We know we incur the displeasure of doting mothers by making this suggestion, but truth is mighty and will prevail.

A little nonsense now and then, is relished, &c., but don't kindle your fires with coal-oil.—That is a kind of "nonsense" we never indulge in ourselves, nor can we under any circumstances, advise others to do so.

Large Clip of Wool.—During the latter part of last week Mr. James Buchanan, of Mt. Pleasant township, delivered at the warehouse of Jacob Morgan, esq., of this place, the largest single clip of wool that has, perhaps, ever changed hands in this county. The clip numbered over 1,500 fleeces, and realized to Mr. B. the handsome sum of $3,500. The wool is of superior quality, light and fine, and speaks well for the selection of stock and the care and attention bestowed upon a flock of such dimensions.—Who can beat it?—*Wash. Reporter.*

For the Beaver Argus.

The Bible's Influence.—The Bible is an inspired book, the book of all books. Its genuineness has been acknowledged by many of the greatest and wisest men that have ever lived to bless the world. It contains a revelation of God's will to man, and is completely adapted to the wants of the whole human family. It is the Book for man, adapted to him, giving him a history and knowledge of his creation, and of the dealings of God with him through more than four thousand years anterior to the birth of Christ, and a full and complete introduction of the new covenant. The world needs this book more than any other, it is of more value perhaps than all other books combined. It has brought life and immortality to light. It reveals to the world that all men are involved alike in sin; that a heart is a sink of sin and resembles a cage of unclean birds; that man unless saved from sin must be forever lost; that salvation alone can be had through the Lord Jesus Christ. The Bible offers salvation. A word of more importance than this never fell upon the ears of immortal beings. Of all the subjects that engage the attention of man lost in sin, this is the most vast, comprehensive and interesting, upon it depends his immortal bliss or eternal destruction. The Bible teaches man to believe, and tells him how to become a christian after he has believed, and how to serve God after having taken upon himself the name of christian, to work out his salvation and gain a home in heaven. It is the only book that God has given to man and it is the only book that will ever be required. The more it is read and studied the more interesting it becomes. It speaks forth that which will take place many years in the future; the rising and falling of nations and kingdoms; the second coming of Christ, and the conflagration of the world; the many repeated warnings for the transgressor of its laws, to forsake his evil ways and to flee to Christ his only hope, and the many precious promises to the righteous. The skeptic rejects the Bible on account of its exposing his true character, and quickening his conscience, while the christian rejoices to peruse its sacred pages, because of the happiness it affords him in this life, and the assurance it gives him of a better life to come. Other books, useful and interesting are like their authors, destined to be forgotten. The history and influence of great and wise men are liable to be destroyed in time; but the Bible and its influence will never be destroyed. Other books tell us of what has happened in the past; but cannot go beyond the present. Human wisdom fails to penetrate the veil which hangs between us and the future. The Bible will endure through all eternity, it's power is unequaled in impressing thoughts upon the mind, such as will be lasting as time and durable as eternity. Other books are likely to treat with partiality, the rich and poor, the learned or illiterate, the proud or the humble, the king or the subject. The Bible deals justly and righteously with all men, with kings and lords, the same as with servants, it's justice is pure and it is perfect in it's administration, such as all good men seek and such as brightens the countenance and gladdens the hearts of the poor, the innocent and the good. Great men in all ages of the world who have become acquainted with the Bible, acknowledge it's superiority as the best of classics the world has ever produced, and the ablest works of man are far inferior to it. It's influence has conquered many enemies opposed to right, and truth and justice, and has caused the right to prevail over might and error and oppression. It's influence should not be stayed; but extended through all the nations of the world, because it establishes peace and happiness for all. But millions of human beings are suffering for the want of it's wise and wholesome laws, and happy influence to govern them. For superstition and idolatry bear absolute sway where the influence of the Bible is not felt. It's influence is destined to govern the nations of the earth, for the prophets say that the glory of God and his Christ shall cover the earth, as the waters do the great deep and that this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to all nations for a witness. Then will oppression cease reigning, and men shall learn war no more.

WM. ECKLES.

Industry, Dec. 6th, 1872.

SAVED.—A gentleman saved the amount of $1.40, by buying the small bill of $7.78 of Hibbard, Rochester, go and do likewise. Dec. 11;2w

YOUNG MAN bring your sweetheart to the Exhibition and Concert at Vanport. Admittance 25 cents; proceeds for benefit of Sabbath School.

County Government.—*A Subject for the Constitutional Convention.*—We have often called the attention of our readers to the unjust and disproportionate valuations and taxation of property in the various townships of our county, as well as the lack of proper discrimination in the erection of county bridges. These same difficulties have been experienced in other counties. It is certainly a proper subject for the consideration of our Constitutional Convention. The Bucks county *Intelligencer* says on this subject:

"Among the subjects to be considered and dealt with by the Constitutional Convention now assembled, is that of the local government of counties and other smaller political divisions. This is to be placed in the hands of one of the business committees to be formed by the Convention. While we cannot anticipate how far the convention may be disposed to alter existing forms, there are some considerations which seem to make a radical change in the system of county government more desirable than otherwise. While the details of the subject may be properly left to the Legislature, there are certainly principles of "popular sovereignty" in locals affairs that may well be inserted in the fundamental law.

"Under our present method in Pennsylvania the business affairs of each county, whether large or small, are placed at the disposal of a board of three commissioners, one of whom is elected every year, and is supposed to represent a certain district or section of his county. Upon this board of three men, chosen by the county at large, rests all the responsibility of assessing property, laying taxes, erecting bridges and public buildings, and the general management of the county finances. When the commissioners have been selected with a view to their fitness and honesty, these duties are often well performed; but, on the other hand, it is too frequently the case that the commissioners do not possess these essential qualities. Then the public interests are mismanaged, the money of the people wasted and general dissatisfaction ensues. Selected from the mass of citizens at large, the commissioners have very little representative character, and are not immediately responsible to a constituent body of voters. When a man has been elected to the office, whether he be fit or unfit, he is secure for three years from any interference, and unless governed by a personal sense of right is at liberty to do very much as he pleases. The local government of counties by a board of three commissioners is therefore in no sense a democratic system, and as we know by sad experience, has developed many serious defects.

"In the neighboring States of New-Jersey and New-York a different system prevails. In New-Jersey a representative known as a "Chosen Freeholder" is elected every year by each township or borough. The Chosen Freeholders are almost invariably selected from among men of property, who have a direct interest in taxation and public expenditures. The members from townships hold monthly meetings at the county seat, the sessions being presided over by a member elected by his colleagues to the position of director. A clerk is appointed, who keeps an open office at the county town and attends to the current business—as is the case here. The Board of Freeholders thus forms a local Legislature, exercising all the powers that are in Pennsylvania vested in the County Commissioners, with additional jurisdiction over the highways, which are here subject to the courts. The advantages resulting from this system are very great. Each subdivision or township has a voice in the transaction of business, and can present its own particular wants or wishes. Whatever business is done—the laying of taxes, the opening of roads, or the erection of public buildings—is more or less subject to popular approval. If a representative proves unfaithful or unsatisfactory, he is directly responsible to his constituents, and can soon be replaced by another. In New-York the same system of county government exists, the representatives being known as Supervisors. The same is the case in several Western States. The efficiency and value of the plan are proved by the fact that where it exists there is no desire for a change. In Wisconsin, a few years ago, the Pennsylvania System of three Commissioners was tried, but after a short experience the former arrangement of township representation was restored by general consent.

"This matter deserves at least a candid examination by the Convention, or its proper committee. We believe that the more carefully it is considered the more desirable the introduction of the representative system will appear. It is a subject that particularly affects the rural counties of our State, the local interests of cities being already provided for by municipal councils, whose members are elected by wards or precincts. The country members of the Convention, therefore, may very properly be called upon to consider whether this would not be a beneficial reform. As to the popular sentiment on the subject, we are perfectly confident that if it were consulted the reply would be overwhelmingly in favor of direct representation in the local or county government."

Steinfeld is selling his stock off before the Holidays, you had better come and get some.

The State Temperance Convention, held at Pittsburgh last week, was well attended, and a good deal of earnestness was manifested throughout the proceedings. A committee was appointed with the Hon. James Black (candidate for the Presidency on the Temperance Ticket), at its head, to memorialize the Constitutional Convention on the subject of Temperance. We notice that quite a number of the citizens of this county were members of the Convention and took a prominent part in its deliberations—among whom we may mention Hon. B R. Bradford, A. Bestwick, esq., and E. H. Alexander, esq.

Who ever wants clothing at the present, better come to Steinfelds for he is selling out before the Holidays.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS—The Holliday Season is the time when gifts are exchanged between lovers and friends, husbands and wives, sisters and brothers, and is emphatically the Children's hour, when the vast variety of toys and juvenile books find such an eager welcome. These, in great profusion, together with a splendid collection of Chromos, Photograph Albums, Vases, Toilet Setts, and a great variety of other beautiful and curious articles, make the store of Townsend & Son, Beaver Falls, just now, a chief centre of attraction.

New Notary Public.—Gov. Geary has commissioned W. L. Bodison, esq., of New Brighton, as a Notary Public.

To Salt Pork.—A gentleman of this place, who has tried it, sends us the following recipe to salt pork. He informs us that if the directions are closely followed, the meat will not only be found in a perfect state of preservation, but that it will give it a more pleasant taste than any method he has ever tried:

"Take eight (8) gallons of water, eleven (11) lbs salt, one (1) lb sugar or one (1) pint of Orleans molasses, one and one-half (1½) oz. saltpetre; place a wash-tub beside meat barrel; put the water into the tub; put in the salt and sugar; and, having dissolved the saltpetre in warm water, put it also in; let it stand three or four hours, and pour the liquid over the meat, taking care that the sediment remains in the tub. You want *just* enough of this brine to nicely cover the meat, which should remain in it from 8 to 12 weeks, owing to size of pieces."

WANTED—1000 bushels of Buckwheat at the Stone Mills, New Brighton.
dec18 2w — WADE WILSON.

Parents.—Do you know where your boys are these nights? It is not the time now to be inquiring about the whereabouts of your neighbor's children, unless you KNOW where your own are after night-fall. If you do not know, we are certain many a fond mother would be surprised to learn the company some of their children are keeping these December evenings. Home is the place at night for boys and girls in their teens and under, with the influences that are now working luring them on to disgrace, if not to utter destruction. We appeal to parents who read the STAR AND SENTINEL, for their children's sake and their own sakes, to look well where their offspring are at night. As sure as there is a heaven above, if parents remain indifferent to the nightly course of the rising generation of their own families, they need look for nothing ultimately but mortification and heart breaking agony over their lost and ruined ones, who are now permitted to leave and return to the family fireside at their own choosing.—[Gettysburg Star & Sentinel.

WANTED—1000 bushels of Buckwheat at the Stone Mills, New Brighton.
dec18 2w — WADE WILSON.

A Subscriber asks the New York JOURNAL OF COMMERCE the question: "Is a note written in pencil, and signed in pencil, legal? The JOURNAL answers in the affirmative. Story on Promissory notes, (one of our highest authorities,) in his first paragraph touching the requisites of the form of obligation, declares that a promissory note must be in writing either in ink or pencil; that is to say, the signature of the promisor must be so; the body of the note may be printed." This is conclusive; but the courts in a great many cases, and without a dissenting judgment, have confirmed this rule. A note promising to pay a certain amount of money is merely an evidence of indebtedness, and a note without the signature is good, if there is evidence that the promisor intended to execute it, that is to say, with the additional evidence mentioned. The note is prima-facie evidence of indebtedness.

The Troubles of Liquor Dealers.—The Grand Jury, at the late term of Court in Jefferson county, Ohio, after concluding their labors, made the following report and request to the Court, which contain some very suggestive facts:

"The Jurors of the Grand Jury, of the November term, A. D., 1872, would respectfully report that they found an unusual amount of business that had to be passed upon, and a large number of witnesses had to be examined; that more than three-fourths of the cases, were for violation of the liquor laws of Ohio; that a large number of the crimes committed result from the use of intoxicating drinks. We find that the use of intoxicating drinks is producing an appalling state of morals among the rising generation throughout the country; as well as among those of mature years. The Grand Jury would beg leave to suggest that the extreme penalty of the law be inflicted on those who have been guilty of violating the liquor law. This is the unanimous request of the Grand Jury."

From the following court proceedings which we find in the papers of that city we infer the Court is giving some attention to the recommendations of the Grand Jury.

Charles Hanna, keeping a room for sale of liquor fined one hundred dollars and costs, and sentenced to five days imprisonment in the county jail.

Benjamin Snowden, keeping a room, one hundred dollars fine and imprisonment.

Same, selling to be drank where sold, fifty dollars fine and costs.

William Farris, selling to be drank where sold, fifty dollars fine and five days imprisonment.

Same, for same offense, fined thirty dollars and costs.

Timothy O'Halloran, keeping a room for sale of liquors, one hundred dollars and eight days imprisonment.

Same, selling liquor to be drank where sold, fined fifty dollars and costs.

Same for same offense, thirty dollars and costs.

Peter Patterson, keeping a room for sale of liquors, one hundred dollars and eight days imprisonment.

Same, selling liquor to be drank where sold, fined fifty dollars and costs.

List of Jurors Drawn for January Adjourned Court, 1873.

FIRST WEEK.

Levi Fisk	Daniel Fitch
J B Parkinson	Samuel Davidson jr
John Embaugh	Stephen Marks
Joseph Cooper	James Conway
David Whitla	John F Muehler
William Ramsey	James Anderton
George Chaney	James Altsman
J C Calhoun	John Piersol
S B Cross	William Lester
W S Shallenberger	John Tate
William Graham	Isaac Stephens
William Whan	Alexander G Ewing
John Slentz	William Mecklen
Jacob Emerick	John Martzel sr
Henry Bryan	Charles Johnson
Henry J Evans	James McCullough
George Fath	R C Eakin
Thomas Wright	A S Dobson
Jacob Gabe	James Melvin

SECOND WEEK.

Samuel Boyd	Robert Doak
John McKinzie	James Thornley
Herm T McPherson	John McCrady
John A Gibb	Robert Bradshaw
James Irwin	Hiram Reed
John Purvis	William Barclay
Henry Wagner	Fetterman Hurst
John Doherty	Samuel Reed
H M Beddell	John Newton
John C Dilworth	Thomas G Kerr
William Wallace	John Wilson
Andrew Neitz	Charles Calhoun
Samuel Lynch	Fred Householder
Reu'n Hendrickson	Andrew Tanner
John W Snead sr	Clark Usselton
George Henderson	Charles Watson
John B Winch	George Brown
William Barclay	Samuel Keefer
James C Ritchie	J C Minnis

Mr. A. Beuter's Concert, on Thursday last, was one of the most successful and enthusiastic affairs that we have had the good fortune to enjoy for many a day. The concert opened with a piano duet, a fantasia on airs from Oberon, arranged by Leybeck; it was rendered very brilliantly by the Misses Garver and Loomis. Next came a quartette, "Sweet Evening Hours" (Kullak), which is one of the sweetest things of this kind we ever heard, and was rendered very effectively by the Quartette Club, consisting of Miss Jennie Winans of New Brighton, Miss Clara Ickes of Massillon, Ohio, and the Messrs D. & J Critchlow and Couch of New Brighton. This quartette we understand was formed but a few weeks previous to the concert, and consequently had but few rehearsels; but all of them are experienced singers and good readers, and they accomplished their task admirably. Their voices blended and harmonized beautifully, and their phrasing and shading were excellent.

Miss Mary French came next, rendering one of S. Smith's brilliant Polonaises with the proper spirit and expression.—As No. 4, we had Berthold Tour's beautiful song, "Willie's Ship," which Miss Winans sang very expressively; she possesses a very pure and rich soprano of considerable power, and her singing shows a correct method. [illegible] followed another quartette, "To the tap of the drum. [illegible] music of this song is from Rosini's overtures to William Tell, and was sung with so much dash and spirit that the Club was compelled to yield to an encore.—They sang Wm. Mason's beautiful original Gondolier's Song. This song is one of the noblest and richest things of this kind that we ever had the good fortune to hear; but, when we consider its author we could expect nothing less meritorious.

Miss L. Hurlburt came next with Abt's "Love's Request," which she sang very well; and gave as an encore, "Within a mile of Edinboro town," which no doubt pleased every one.

But the great event of the evening was yet to come—every one knew it and waited patiently for the appearance of Miss Clara Ickes. She closed the first part of the programme with Blumenthal's great concert song, "My Queen," —composed expressly for Mr. Sim Reeves, one of the most celebrated English singers. This song requires a breadth and style of delivery and also great intensity of tone; to render which comparative few singers would feel themselves equal to. It is one of those songs, which, to render effectively, requires a singer of the first rank; and this Miss Ickes proved herself to be. The numerous crescendos were always well proportioned; the pianissimo passages were never poor and thin; the quality of tone rich and flexible. Her enunciation was always distinct and the intonation true. After a perfect storm of applause she gave as an encore "Tapping at the garden gate," which she sang in a charming manner. This piece was also encored, and, as requests were handed in for "Judith,"—Concone—she gave this song with excellent effect. This song is one of the most difficult songs to render effectively, on account of its broad structure. The second part of the programme was opened with a trio for three organs, performed by the Misses M. Holmes, L. French and Mr. Beuter. The young Ladies went through with their part with great precision.

As No. 2 quartette, "I am dreaming" (Agnes Burney), was sung with beautiful effect by the club. Next came Mazourka Caprice (W. Mason), performed by Mr. Beuter in his usual effective manner; this piece was received with hearty applause and as an encore, Mr. B. played a very brilliant Cuban Dance, by Richard Hoffman. This piece was also encored, but instead of playing another encore, Mr. B. brought out Miss Ickes who was greeted with applause, showing that the audience was perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. She sang Arditti's, beautiful Valse L'Extasie in her usual effective manner. Next came Miss L. French, who gave us Schuberts "Wanderer," this is one of the best songs that was ever written, and Miss French sang it with good effect. She seemed to comprehend perfectly the words, which is quite an important feature; her voice is good in quality and of considerable power; we enjoyed this song very much. As an encore she sung "One year Ago" in a very correct manner. Miss Ada Morton played a Concert Galop, by A W Borg (dedicated to Wm. Mason), which is one of the best pieces of this kind. Miss Morton played it well; she is a very correct and conscientious young pianest. After this Miss Ickes sang Marzos difficult song "First Violet." This song abounds in quick scale passages and ornaments that taxes a singer to a great extent. Miss Ickes sang all the passages with brilliant effect, there was no blurring and scrambling, every note could be distinctly heard. The compass of some of the passages was from C above the staff, to D flat below the staff. This song also was vigorously encored, in responce to which, Miss I. gave Pease's beautiful ballad "Break! break! The closing number was a quartette "Good Night" (Pinsati), a beautiful little song full of pathos, which the club rendered in their best style. We must not omit a song which Capt. Critchlow was requested to sing, entitled "The Lighthouse," which he rendered in his usual happy and characteristic way. In closing this review, we are authorized to express Prof. B's. thanks to all who participated in this concert, as well as to the members of the M. E. Church, who were so kind as to give their beautifully decorated audience room, for Mr. B's. use—not forgetting Dr. Taylor for the use of his instruments. We understand that Mr. B. has been requested to repeat this concert in New Brighton, which he expects to do soon.

The famous comic song "Michiel Snyder's barty," will be sung at the exhibition and concert at Vanport. Proceeds for the benefit of the Sabbath school.

The following elegant piece of poetry we present to our readers, knowing that many can feelingly exclaim, "we have been there:"

"EPIZOOTIC."

BY SANCHO.

Not a sound was heard on the silent street,
As home from the concert we hurried.
For we found not a street-car, carriage or bus,
And we felt considerably worried.

We hailed a driver we used to know,
And hurriedly asked the reason,
He said, as he sadly shook his head,
That the horses were all a sneczin'.

And so we silently went our way
To the place where we kept our filly;
We found her weeping at eyes and nose,
And shaking as tho' 'twere chilly.

In vain we offered her tempting oats,
And a "bran mash" warm and smoking;
She turned her head from the fragrant bait,
And swallowed as if she was choking.

We shook down a bed of fresh new hay,
With a bag of corn for a bolster;
And we gazed at the saddle overhead,
With its shining stirrups and holster,

We thought, as we looked in the glazing eye,
That her troubles would soon be over:
Never more would she crop the grass,
Or graze on the crimson clover.

Slowly we turned from the stable door,
With hearts that were sadly beating
And when we went in the early morn,
We found her quietly eating.

There will be good singing, good dialogues, splendid tableaux, at the exhibition and concert at Vanport, Thursday and Fridry evenings, Dec. 26 and 27. Admittance, 25cts.

Burning Lamps all Night.—Many persons in this vicinity, says the Erie *Observer*, indulge in the dangerous habit of leaving coal oil lamps burning low all night. The resulting risk is two-fold. First, when a lamp is turned down a deadly gas is evolved, from the inhalation of which death has resulted in a number of instances, and, second, when the oil is burned out gas forms in the empty chamber, and the danger of its catching fire is imminent. Many persons in this vicinity indulge in the same practice. Whether the danger from burglars is greater than the danger from fire, is a question for the interested parties themselves to decide.

Come with the crowd to the exhibition and concert at Vanport, Dec. 26 and 27.

The Pork Packing outlook is not a very assuring one at the present writing. Hogs are now held at a rate which involves a loss of about a dollar a head to the packer at the present price of product. There seems to be no export demand for provisions, and the supply is far beyond the wants of home consumers. The price of hogs has been held up probably to the present moment by the demand for product to fill November and December sales. A good many in Pittsburgh who purchased for the above delivery are "selling" instead of accepting the product. Others are re-selling at a loss, and but a few have confidence in present prices. Unless hogs can be forced down, or product up, there will be a poor show for profit this year or a very light business done in packing.

SOLDIERS who have not received or applied for *additional bounty* under the decision of the Supreme Court of March 1870, and as authorized by Act of Congress, approved July 28th, 1866, are notified that the time for making such application, *will expire on the 30th day of January*, 1873.

Any soldier who wishes to make application, can have his claim promptly presented to the Government by sending his discharge to G. L. Eberhart, Attorney at Law, New Brighton, Beaver Co., Pa.

BEAVER MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 75 a 1 85
Oats "	40 a 45
Corn "	55 a 65
Rye "	50 a 75
Buckwheat per bushel	85 a 90
Flour per sack	2 50 a 3 40
Butter per pound	[illegible] 35
Lard	10 12
Tallow "	8 a 10
Eggs per dozen	30 a 35
Chickens per pair	[illegible] 50
Chickens, dressed, per pound	12 a [illegible]
Potatoes per bushel	65 a 75
Honey per pound	22 a 25
Onions per bushel	1 25 a 1 75
Apples, green, per bushel	[illegible] 60
Beans per bushel	2 00 a 2 50
Beef—hind quarter, 8 cents; fore quarters 6.	7 10
Dressed Rabbits	15 a 18

NEW BRIGHTON GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED BY WILSON.

White Wheat,	$1 65a70
Old Wheat,	1 60
New Wheat,	1 70
Rye,	70
Corn,	55
Oats,	38
Buckwheat,	1,00

MARRIED.

FRISHCORN—CHAMBERS.—Dec. 12 1872, by Rev. Jas. M. Shields, Mr. Adam Frishcorn of Vanport Pa., to Miss Sarah M Chambers of Industry, Pa.

DIED.

FRAZIER—At Frankfort, Beaver Co., Pa., on the 8th of Dec., Robert L., son of W. H. Frazier, esq., aged 18 years.

On October 27th, John C. son of Thomas A., and Mertilla B. Rattle of Beaver, aged four years and twelve days.

New Advertisements.

LIST OF CAUSES

For Trial at Adjourned Court, Jan. 1873

FIRST WEEK—COMMENCING JANUARY 13.

James M Burns	vs Hugh Anderson
S Gilliland's admrs	vs Samuel Reed's exrs.
Perry Brown, et al	vs Charles Grim
Benj Chew's admrs	vs Wm Jenkins
Cath. Marker et al	vs C & P R R Co
J G Nye, use	vs Jordan C Nye
P H Stevenson	vs Henry Cowan
Albert Knaur	vs Philip Eisenbutt
same	vs Eisenbutt & wife
Thos Evans et al	vs Andrew Swaney
John W Inman	vs Wm Garvin
Henry Wagner	vs A J Welsh et al
T W Anderson	vs Henriet & Lenz
John B McMillen	vs R H Huddleson
Miller, Dobson & Trax	vs Kooken & Brobeck
George Graham	vs John Conway et al
Jacob Stahl et ux	vs James Porter
Joshua Calvin	vs James Calvin's exrs
Amos Doubt et al	vs John McMahon
Walter Johnston	vs John Wallace
Henry Collins, use	vs Jacob Young
Dennis Laney, et ux	vs Milo A Townsend
John C Levis	vs Wm F Barnes
R A McCullough	vs L R Kane & Co

2d WEEK—COMMENCING JANUARY 20.

R P Coovert	vs Bor. of New-Brighton
Snowden Bro's	vs Cheney & Troth
R Steinfeld	vs John Wiley
Issac A Haney et ux	vs C W Taylor
J D Walker	vs Chamberlin White et al
W M Duncan	vs G L Eberhart
William P Elliott	vs Wm Davidson adm
John C Humphrey	vs Blake & Fessenden
Alexander Nickle	vs P H Stevenson
John J Mitchell	vs James H Gillis
Clark Usselton	vs Joseph Morgan
Miller & Co	vs Isaac Scott, et ux
Ann Miller	vs Jacob Miller
Harmony Bank	vs A Inman
Walter & Bro	vs George Poe
same	vs John Lauce, et al
Thomas McBride	vs James Allen
Walter & Bro	vs James Feazel
same	vs Henry Phillis
David Musser	vs S M Gordon
Albert E Evans	vs J R Harrah
J G Elliott	vs B F Nowling
Peter W Keller	vs Patterson Mitchell
Commonwealth	vs Alex Robertson
Miller & Trax	vs T J Chandler, et al
J Walter & Bro	vs J R Bunzo
G S Fulmer & Co	vs Tim McCarty, et ux
Coy, Noble & Co	vs Sylvester Hunter
same	vs Thomas Pentling
same	vs J E Crane
same	vs Noble, Angel & Co.
dec18, tc	JOHN CAUGHEY, Pro.

New Advertisements.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

The subscriber will offer at Public Sale on THURSDAY DECEMBER 26th, 1872 all that valuable tract of land containing 153 acres, all under fence, located in Chippewa twp. Beaver Co., Pa., within three miles of Beaver Falls, near the Darlington road. The whole farm is well watered by never-failing springs. The improvements are a

TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSE

with frame addition, with splendid dry cellar; a large frame Barn with stabling; also a good sized wagon shed and other outbuildings; two orchards of choice fruit.

Said land will divide well and will be offered in two lots. Terms made known on day of sale. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m. Inquire at W. W. Dunkel's Shoe Store, Main St., Beaver Falls, or on the premises. OLIVER FREW. dec18-2w

AGENTS WANTED FOR

BOSTON AND ITS DESTRUCTION.

A full, detailed, glowing and graphic account of the origin, progress, suffering, losses and incidents of the great conflagration. A rare chance for agents as every person wants to know the full particulars of this great disaster. Sent by mail for 50 cents. WILLIAM FLINT, dec4:1m Philadelphia, Pa., or Cincinnati, O.

TRUE TIME For $1. 50,000 SOLD.

Magnetic Time-Keeper, Compass and Indicator. A perfect GEM for the pocket of every traveler, trader, boy, farmer, and for EVERYBODY desiring a *reliable* time-keeper, and also a superior compass. Usual watch-size, steel works, glass crystal, all in a neat OROIDE case. WARRANTED to denote *correct time* and to keep in order—if fairly used—for two years. *Nothing Like It.* This perfect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to any address, for only one dollar. Three for 2 dollars. Circulars sent free. Try one. Order from the manufac'r VERMONT NOVELTY WORKS, Brattleboro, Vt. dec1 1m

JAMES CAMERON. JOHN Y. MARKS.

CAMERON & MARKS,
Attorneys at Law
And Real Estate Agents,
Rochester, Pa.,

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care, and have superior facilities for buying and selling real estate. dec11 ly

BOYD & MURRAY,
58, Fifth ave. Pittsburgh, Pa
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
in Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, Mouldings &c., &c.,

Being desirous of closing out their present stock, are selling at 15 to 25 per cent less than regular prices. Please give them a call. dec11 1m

W. G. DUNSEATH,
Jeweler and Optician,
76 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.
AGENT FOR THE U. S.
Watch Companie's Watches,
PEBBLE SPECTACLES A SPECIALTY.
[illegible]

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been issued to the subscriber on the estate of Martha E. Erwin, dec'd, late of Hopewell township, Beaver county, Pa., therefore all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement to GEORGE W. SHANNON, [illegible] dec4,6w.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Whereas, Letters Testamentary to the estate of William Rodgers, sr late of Industry township, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate of the said decedent will make known the same, without delay to ELIZA RODGERS, Industry Beaver Co. Pa. [illegible]

KNABE & CO'S PIANOS.
HAINES BROS.' PIANOS.
GEO. A. PRINCE & CO'S ORGANS.

The three best and most popular Instruments now in the market. Catalogue and Price lists, containing full particulars, mailed to any address. CHARLOTTE BLUME, No. 19, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sole agent for Prince & Co.'s Organs. sept18m

$250 A MoNTH, $250

WE WANT 10,000 AGENTS,
MALE or FEMALE,

To make the above amount selling BRIDE'S *Combination Needle-Case and Port-Monnaie.* This is an article of absolute necessity with every lady, and pays a large profit. For Circular and Terms address Pittsburgh Supply Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. dec4;3m

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Administrator of the Estate of James Alexander, deceased, late of Chippewa township, Beaver county, requests all persons having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent to make known the same without delay: and those indebted to the same are requested to make prompt payment. ANDREW McGAFFICK. Chippewa Tp., Nov. 29, 1872. 6t Adm'r.

GREAT OFFERS TO AGENTS

are made by *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Lady's Friend.* A beautiful Chromo of the

CHILD PROPHET "SAMUEL,"

worth $5 is given with the paper (subscription price $3.00) or with the Magazine (price $2 50). Do not fail to examine into this offer. It is a

GREAT COMBINATION!

Address for particulars, samples, &c, *Deacon & Peterson*, 319 Walnut street Philadelphia. dec4;4w

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—*Estate of John Cater, dec'd.*—Letters of administration on the estate of John Cater, dec'd, late of Raccoon tp. Beaver co., Pa., having been granted to the subscriber, this is to notify all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it will present them duly authenticated for settlement. nov6;6w ROBERT POTTER, *Adm'r.*

Iron World and Manufacturer.

The largest Metal Price Current in the World is the **Iron World and Manufacturer.** Accurate quotations and reports of sales of Hardware and Metals in Pittsburgh, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, Baltimore, Louisville, Chicago, etc. [illegible] Acknowledged standard [illegible] of the metal trades. All the state[illegible] [illegible] and Europe. Gives [illegible] Only $4.00 [illegible] Inventors [illegible] trial for 25 cents. Address IRON WORLD PUBLISHING CO., [illegible] Pittsburgh, Pa.

AMERICAN
Working People.

[illegible] Illustrations in [illegible]
IRON WORLD PUBLISHING CO.
oct23,3m

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN JURUBEBA BLOOD PURIFIER

It is not a physic which may give temporary relief to the sufferer for the first few doses, but which, from continued use brings Piles and kindred diseases to aid in weakening the invalid, nor is it a doctored liquor, which, under the popular name of "Bitters" is so extensively palmed off on the public as sovereign remedies, but it is a most *powerful Tonic and Alterative*, pronounced so by the leading medical authorities of London & Paris and has been long used by the regular physicians of other countries with wonderful remedial results.

Dr. WELLS' EXTRACT OF JURUBEBA

retains all the medicinal virtues peculiar to the plant and must be taken as a permanent curative.

Is there want of action in your Liver & Spleen? Unless relieved at once, the blood becomes impure by deleterious secretions, producing scrofulous or skin diseases, Blotches, Felons, Pustules, Canker, Pimples, &c.

Take *Jurubeba* to cleanse, purify and restore the vitiated blood to healthy action.

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Continued from first page.

wash your eyes with cold water, my dear. Go into George's room. Lord forgive me!" she soliloquizes when Bessie has gone, "I'd give my fingers for George not to go. But what's the use of fretting and worriting one's life away, now that he's made up his mind? I shall be glad when they are married, though I doubt she doesn't love George as well as George loves her. But it'll come; it'll come. Times are different now to what they were, and girls are different. A little more fond of dress and pleasure and fine ways. She was very tender just now—she feels it, now that George is really going. It would be better for her if he was to stay; but George is right about the times being hard. Ah, well! it ain't many of us as gets our bread well buttered in this part of the world! But there! I've tasted sweet bread without a bit of butter on it many and many a time!"

YOU WORE ROSES THEN, MOTHER.

Paving made this reflection, Mrs. Naldret thinks of her husband again, and wonders what makes him so late to-night. But in a few moments she hears a stamping in the passage. "That's Jim." she thinks, with a light in her eyes. A rough, comely man, with no hair on his face but a bit of English whisker of a light sandy color in keeping with his skin, which is of a light sandy color also. Head well shaped, slightly bald, especially on one side, where the hair has been torn away by the friction of his two-foot rule. When Jim Naldret makes a purse of his lips, and rubs the side of his head with his rule, his mates know that he is in earnest. And he is very often in earnest.

"It's mortal cold, mother," he says, almost before he enters.

"There's a nice fire, father," replies Mrs Naldret, cheerfully, "that'll soon warm you.

"I don't know about that," he returns with the handle of the door in his hand. "Now look here—*did* you ever see such a door as this? Opens bang into the passage."

"You're always grumbling about the door, father."

"Well, if I like it, it dosn't do any one any harm, does it? The architect was a born fool, that's what he was."

To support his assertion that the architect was a born fool, Jim Naldret thinks it necessary to make a martyr of himself; so he stands in the draught, and shivers demonstratively as the cold wind blows upon him.

"Never mind the door, Jim," says Mrs. Naldret, coaxingly. "Come and wash your hands."

"But I shall mind the door!" exclaims Jim Naldret, who is endowed with a large organ of combativeness, and never can be induced to shirk an argument. "The architect he made this door for warm weather. Then it's all very well. But in this weather it's a mistake, that's what it is. Directly you open it comes a blast cold enough to freeze one. I ain't swearing, mother, because I say blast."

This small pleasantry restores his equanimity, and he repeats it with approving nods; but it produces little effect upon his wife, who says,

"*Will* you wash your hands and face, father, instead of maudlin?"

"All right, all right, mother! Bring the basin in here, and I'll soon sluice myself."

Mrs Naldret, going to her bedroom, which is at the back of the parlor, to get the soap and water, calls out softly from that sanctuary,

"Bessie's here, father."

"Ah," he says, rubbing his knuckles before the fire. "Where is she?"

"Up stairs in George's room. She'll be down presently. She's pretty low in spirits, father."

"I suppose you've been having a cry together, mother," By this time Mrs. Naldret has brought in a basin of water and a towel, which she places on a wooden chair. "I dare say George 'll pipe his eye a bit too, when he says good-bye to some of his mates. Ugh! the water *is* cold!"

"George pipe his eye! Not him! He's a man, is George—not one of your crying sort."

"I don't know about that," gasps Jim Naldret; "a man may be crying although you don't see the tears running down his cheek. Ugh!"

There was something opposite to his own condition in this remark, for Jim's eyes were smarting and watering in consequence of the water getting into them.

"That's true, Jim. Many a ones heart cries when the eyes are dry."

"I can't get over Mr. Million getting that passage ticket for George. I can't get over it, mother. It's bothered me ever so much."

"Well, it's only steerage, Jim, and you can't say that it was'nt kind of Mr. Million."

"I don't know so much about that mother."

"Do you know, Jim," says Mrs. Naldret, after a pause, during which both seem to be thinking of something that they deem it both prudent and wise not to speak about, "that I've sometimes fancied—" Here the old black cat rubs itself against her ankles, and she stoops to fondle it, which perhaps is the reason why she does not complete her sentence.

"Fancied what, mother?"

"That young Mr. Million was fond of Bessie."

"I shouldn't wonder," he replies, with a cough. "Who wouldn't be?"

"Yes; but not in that way."

"Not in what way, mother?"

"You drive me out of all patience, Jim. As if you couldn't understand —but you men are *so* blind!"

"And you women are *so* knowing!" retorts Jim Naldret, in a tone made slightly acid, because he is groping about for the towel, and cannot find it. "Where *is* the towel, mother? That's Bessie's step, I know. Come and kiss me, my girl."

"There!" exclaims Bessie, who has just entered the room, standing before him with an air of comical remonstrance, with patches of soapsuds on her nose and face, "you've made my face all wet."

"Father never *will* wash the soap off his skin before he dries it," says Mrs. Naldret, wiping Bessie's face with her apron.

"Never mind, Bessie," says Mr. Naldret, rubbing himself hot; "your face'll stand it better than some I've seen. I can't wash the color out of your cheeks."

Bessie laughs, and asks him how does he know, and says there is a sort of paint that women use that defies water. While Mrs. Naldret tells him not to be satirical, remarking that all women have their little weaknesses.

"Weaknesses!" echoes Mr. Naldret, digging into the corners of his eyes viciously. "It's imposition, that's what it is!"

"You'll rub all the skin off your face, if you rub like that."

"It's a-playing a man false," continues Jim Naldret, not to be diverted from the subject, "that's what it is. It's a—"

"Is George coming home to tea, do you know, father?" asks Mrs. Naldret, endeavoring to stem the torrent.

"No; he told me we wasn't to wait for him. It's a-trading under false pretenses—"

"Not coming home to tea! And here I've been laying the table-cloth for him, because I know he enjoys his tea better when there's something white on the table. Mind you remember that, Bessis. There's nothing like studying a man's little ways, if you want to live happy with him."

"I wonder what the table-cloth was on for," remarks Jim Naldret; then resumes with bull-dog tenacity, "It's a-trading under false pretenses, that's what it is! Little weaknesses! Why—"

"Now, father, will you come and have tea?"

"Now, mother, *will* you learn manners, and not interrupt? But I can have my tea and talk too."

Mrs. Naldret makes a great fuss in setting chairs, and a great clatter with the cups and saucers, but her wiles produce not the slightest effect on her husband, who seats himself and says,

"Well, this is my opinion, and I wouldn't mind a-telling of it to the Queen. What do girls look forward to naturally? Why, matrimony, to be sure—"

"Put another lump of sugar in father's cup, Bessie. He likes it sweet."

"Well, continues the irrepressible Jim, "looking forward to that; they ought to be honest and fair to the men, and not try to take them in by painting themselves up. It's a good many years ago that I fell in love with you, and a bright looking girl you was when you said Yes to me. You wore roses, mother! But if, when I married you, I had found that the roses in your cheek came off with a damp towel, and that you hadn't any eyebrows to speak of except what you put on with a brush, and that what I saw of your skin before I married you was a deal whiter than what I saw of your skin after I married you—I'd—I'd—"

"What on earth would you have done, father?" asks Mrs. Naldret, laughing.

"I'd have had you up before the magistrate," replies Jim Naldret, with a look of sly humor. "I'd have you fined, as shure as my name's Jim."

"That wouldn't have hurt me," says Mrs. Naldret, entering into the humor of the idea, and winking at Bessie; "my husband would have had to pay the fine."

Jim Naldret gives a great laugh at this conclusion of the argument, in appreciation of having been worsted by these last few pithy words, and says, with an admiring look at his wife.

"Well, let you women alone!"

Then, this subject being disposed of, and Jim Nadret having had his say, Mrs. Naldret asks if he has brought home the *Ha'penny Trumpet*

"Yes," he answers, "here it is. A great comfort to the poor man are the ha'penny papers. He gets all the news of the day for a ha'penny—all the police courts—"

"Ah," interrupts Mrs. Naldret, "that's the sort of reading I like. Give me a newspaper with plenty of police court cases."

But police-court cases have not the charm for Jim Naldret that they have for the women, with whom a trial for breach of promise is perhaps the most interesting reading in the world.

"There's a strike in the North among the colliers," says Jim. "The old hands are beating the new men, and setting fire to their houses."

"And turning," adds Mrs. Naldret "the women and children into the streets, I dare say—the wretches!"

"I don't know much about that, mother. Men are goaded sometimes, til they lose their heads. If a man puts my blood up, I hit him."

"You, father! You hurt any one!"

"I said I'd hit him—I didn't say I'd hurt him. I'd hit him soft perhaps; but I'd be bound to hit him if he'd put my blood up."

"A strike, a wicked thing, father," is Mrs. Naldret's commentary.

"I don't know so much about that. There's a good deal to be said on both sides."

"There's Saul Fielding," says Mrs. Naldret; "getting up a strike was the the ruin of him—and hurt a good many others, hurt 'em badly, as you know, Jim."

By this time the tea-things are cleared away, the hearth is swept up, and the fire is trimmed. The picture that is presented in this humble room is a very pleasant one; Bessie and Mrs. Naldret are doing needlework more as a pastime than anything else, and Jim is looking down the columns of the *Trumpet*.

"Saul Fielding went too far," says Jim; "and when he had dragged a lot of men into a mess, he deserted them and showed the white feather I'm for my rights, and I'll stand up for them, but I'm not for violence or unreasonable measures. Saul Fielding's fine speech misled a-many, who swore by him, and would have followed him through thick and thin. He made a speech one night that set the people on fire. I heard it myself, and I was all of a quiver; but when I was in the cold air by myself I got my reason back, and I saw that Saul Fielding was putting things in a wrong light. But other men didn't see it. Then what does he do? Deserts his colors [illegible], and leaves the men that he's misled in the lurch."

"He may have got in the air, as you did, Jim, and thought better of what he had said. He may have found out better afterwards."

"Not he! He had plenty of time to consider beforehand—seemed as if he had studied his speeches by heart—never stumbled over a word, as the others did, who were a deal honester than him—stumbled over 'em as if words was stones."

"Well, poor fellow, he suffered enough. From that day masters and men have been against him."

"He's made his bed and he must lay on it," says Jim Naldret; "and you know, mother, even if he could wipe that part of his life away, he's not fit company for honest men and women."

Jim Naldret feels inclined to say a great deal more on another subject Saul Fieldng, but as the subject which he could have ventilated is a delicate one, and refers to a woman who is not Saul Fielding's wife, he refrains because Bessie is present.

"Let Saul Fielding drop, mother."

Mrs. Naldret deems it wise to say no more about Saul, and allows a minute or so to elapse before she speaks again.

"Any thing in the paper, Jim, about that working-man that put up for Parliament?"

"He didn't get in."

Mrs. Naldret expresses her satisfaction at this result by saying that "it's a good job for his family, if he's got one."

"Why shouldn't a working-man be in Parliament, mother?" asks Jim Naldret.

"Because he can't be two things at once. If he fiddles away all his time at Parliament, he can't have time to work; and if he don't work for his living, he's not a working-man."

"He'd work with his tongue, mother."

"He'd better work with his hands," says Mrs. Naldret, emphatically, "and leave the tongue-work to his wife. She'd do it better, I'll be bound.

"I've no doubt she would," says Jim Naldret, with a chuckle. "But that wording-man in Parliament question is a problem."

"Well, dont you bother your head about it—that's other people's business. My old mother used to say that every hen's got enough to do to look after its own chicks, and it clacks enough over that, goodness knows."

"But I'm not a hen, mother," remonstrates Jim; "I'm a cock, and I like to have a crow now and then."

"Well" exclaims Mrs. Naldret, stitching viciously, "crow on your own dunghill. Don't you go encroaching on other people's premises."

IF I DID NOT LOVE HER, I WOULD NOT GO AWAY.

The entrance of George Naldret and young Mr. Million gives a new turn to the conversation, and to the aspect of affairs. George Naldret needs but a few words of introduction. He is like his father was when his father was a young man. More comely-looking because of the difference in their ages, but his little bit of English whisker is after the same model as his father's, and his hair is also of a light sandy color. His head is well shaped, and he has contracted his father's habit of rubbing one side of it with his two-foot rule when he is in earnest. When he came into the world, his mother declared that he was as like his father as two peas, which statement, regarded from a purely grammatical point of view, involved a contradiction of ideas. But grammar stands for nothing with some. Poor folks who have received imperfect education are not given to hypercriticism. It is not what is said, but what is meant. George's father and his father's father had been carpenters before him, and as he has taken after them, he may be said to have become a carpenter by hereditary law. Mrs. Naldret was satisfied. To have a trade at one's finger ends, as she would have expressed it, is not a bad inheritance.

Young Mr. Million was named after his father, James, and was therefore called young Mr. Million, to prevent confusion. *His* father, and his father's father had been brewers, or, more correctly speaking, in the brewing interest before him, and he was supposed to take after them, There was this difference, however, between him and George Naldret. George Naldret was a thoroughly good carpenter, but it cannot be said that young Mr. Mullion was a thoroughly good brewer. In point of fact he was not a brewer at all, for he knew no more of the trade than I do. He knew a good glass of beer when he was drinking it, but he did not know how to make it, as George knew a good piece of carpenter's work when it was before him; but then George could produce a similar piece of work himself. George took pride in his trade.—Young Mr. Million looked down on his because it *was* a trade—he tho't it ought to be a profession; although he and his were the last who should have thought unkindly of it, for from the profits of the family brewery a vast fortune had been accumulated. Estates had been bought; position in society had been bought; a seat in the House had been bought; perhaps, by-and-by, a title would be bought, for eminence deserves recognition. And a man can be eminent in so many different ways. One may be an eminent tea-dealer, or an eminent chiropodist, or an eminent dentist, if one's profits are large enough. The seat in the House was occupied at the present time by Mr. James Million, senior, whose chief business in the Senate appeared to be to look sharply after his own interests and those of his class, and to vote as he was bid upon those indifferent questions of public interest which did not affect the profits of his brewery, and which were not likely to lessen his income from it. For Mr. Million's brewery, being an old-established institution, had become a sacred "vested interest," which it was absolute sacrilege to touch or interfere with. And it is true that "vested interests" *are* ticklish questions to deal with; but it happens now and then, in the course of time, that what is a "vested interest" with the few (being fed and pampered until it has attained a monstrous growth) becomes a vested wrong to the many. Then the safety of society demands that something should be done to stop the monstrous growth from becoming more monstrous still. The name of Million was well known in the locality in which the Naldrets resided, for a great many of the beer-shops and public-houses in the streets round about were under the family thumb, so to speak, and it was more than the commercial lives of the proprietors were worth to supply any liquids but those that Million brewed to the thirsty souls who patronized them. And nice houses they were for a man to thrive upon—worthy steps upon the ladder of fame for a man to grow Eminent by!

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Gift.

From August Blanches "Pictures of Reality." Translated from the Swedish by Carl Larson

During my service in the diocese, there sat, one winter night in her little cot amid the forest, a humble woman with a babe of four weeks nursing at her breast. Her husband, fatigued with the day, lay asleep upon a bed. A few branches of fir were burning in the fire-place, illuminating the maternal picture, between which and the hearth stood a big gray cat, glancing alternately at the fire and the woman, as if meditating which was the warmer and more secure for the night—the hearth with its fire, or the mother with her child. The door opened and a boy, apparently about eight years of age, entered.

How late you are, Granna-sjeker, said the woman.

The boy [illegible] breathed on his hands, and stamped upon the floor for he was very cold.

How is your papa and mama? asked the woman.

"They are sick," was the reply.

"How is your sister?"

"She cries so; she cries all the time.

"Why didn't you come earlier? I have something to quiet her," said the woman, as she arose, placed the babe in the cradle, and approached the hearth; but exclaimed in disappointment and cast a dark look upon the cat which sneaked away, hiding itself under the bed, as if understanding the significance of the look. The fact was the woman had placed there before the fire a quart of milk in a little earthen cup; this she had saved for the tender babe of her sick neighbor but the cat had drank it in the supposition, too presuming for a cat, that this luxury was intended for her only.

The woman stood a while hesitating, for not a drop of milk remained in the cottage. But she hesitated not long. After some little further attention to her cradle, and casting a look upon her sleeping husband, she took Granna-sjeker in hand, left the room, and started through the forest. The firs sighed beneath their burden of snow, frost crackled beneath their tread, and the wolf howled in the distance. After an hour's rapid walk, for it was one of three miles, with her little companion, she reached her neighbor's house. There, too, was a fire burning, for wood is always plenty in the forest. There, too, was a bed, but containing a sick man and woman. A thin female hand was extended from the bed to keep the cradle in motion, but the child who lay in it wailed most piteously.

The woman, entering, made her salutation to the sick couple, and approached the crying child, took it in her arms, put it to her breast, and it became instantly quiet. After having sat thus a good while, she replaced the baby in the cradle, and bent over it. It smiled in its sleep.

"Now rest poor Anna Stina," she whispered to the sick woman. If Providence permits, I'll come again early in the morning.

So saying she left. The firs sighed yet more deeply, yet louder was the crackle of frost, and yet nearer sounded the howl of the wolf. But the woman pursued her path steadily and quietly, her look was directed toward the four stars of Charles Wain, which seemed to her shineing more clearly than before. At last she reached her darling cot, and found all within as silent and as peaceful as when she left it.

"Many have given much, but who has given more than the poor woman whose home was in the forest cot?" —*Interior.*

Outrageous Conduct.

In Lack township there lives a man named Campbell He has a son named William. This son lived not far from the paternal home. About four weeks ago a number of hogs owned by the parent wandered into the immediate vicinity of William's house. A dog was put on the hogs and they chased them away. The father not liking the treatment his hogs had received, concluded to remove the cause of any similar treatment from the same source, by shooting the dog. Accordingly he took down his rifle and pursued the dog to a cornfield where William was engaged in husking corn, and stated the object of his presence. The son said the dog should not be shot, and proceeded to throw stones at his parent. But neither the objections of the son or the stones he threw prevented the father leveling his gun and shooting the dog, which having done he walked home. The son did not proceed to retaliate immediately, but nursed his wrath till last Sunday a week, when he took his revolver and a box of matches and walked to his father's house. Fortunately he had gone to a neighbor's and William found himself the undisputed occupant of the property.—He forthwith proceeded to demolish the contents of the house. That done as far as he desired he fired a lot of clothing in a room in the middle of the floor, and then directed his steps to the stable, to which he also applied the match, and then left for a neighbor's house, where he informed them what he had done. There being no one at home but a young woman, she resolutely declared her intention of going and putting out the fire if possible, but William threatened to shoot her if she attempted to go on such an errand. He soon took his departure, when the girl ran over to the burning building. The pile of clothing in the room was all consumed, but the fire had made but little progress on the floor and she with difficulty put it out. The stable was in a perfect sheet of flames when she reached the place. A dozen of men could not have saved it. William searched among the neighbors a while to find his father to shoot him; but fortunately did not find him. That night he fled the valley. It is earnestly hoped that he will be arrested and the severest penalties of the law visited on him for his outrageous and barbarous conduct.—*Huntingdon Monitor.*

GREELEY'S OLD HOMESTEAD.

The Grief of His Country Neighbors—The Old Homestead in Its Gloom and the Village in Mourning.

There was many a heavy heart in Chappaqua yesterday. The death of him who had spent so many years of his valuable lifetime among its inhabitants seemed to have come home to every household with all the poignant anguish of a general affliction. Go where you would—from the little station at the railway, where the flag hung at half-mast out of respect for the memory of the dead, to the stores and shops where little groups sat with mournful faces and trembling lips telling how he had made himself loved by all by his genial, simple ways and large-hearted charities, and how sadly he would be missed in the days that are to come—grief was traced on every countenance. Even the little children, scarce old enough to know the difference between sorrow and joy, appeared to be affected by the general gloom. They hung about the outskirts of the little gatherings here and there, wearing a half-affrighted look, and gazing up into the sad faces of the men as though they also could understand the full meaning of every word of sympathy dropped from their father's lips. And probably they did in their innocent way understand, if not every word that was uttered, at least enough to know that they too had lost a good and loving friend, and Mr. Greeley had ever a kindly word for

THE LITTLE ONES

he met in the village street, every one of whom he knew by name, and every child loved to greet him, knowing that the greeting would be returned with a kindly smile and a gentle patting on the head, accompanied by some word that made the little one feel all the happier. "The fact is," said an old farmer to the writer, as he tried to conceal the tears that would unbidden find their way to the surface, "Mr Greeley was so much like one of our own family—so humble and unpretending in his ways, that one couldn't help taking kindly to him, and he won his way to every little one's heart by his very smile. He loved children and they loved him."

☞ Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—If you are dyspeptic, languid, feeble, bilious, suffering from flatulence or bowel complaint, try the Pills. Relief is certain. If scrofulous or rheumatic, resort to the Ointment. Sold 78 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Price, 25 cents per box or pot. Ask for new style, the old is counterfeited. 23

Have it Always at Hand.—Accidents will happen in the best regulated families and many others, and for this reason [illegible] Mustang Liniment should have a place in [illegible]. In all the world there is nothing comparable to it as an application for cuts, contusions, burns, sprains, and scalds, and when every other preparation that medical ingenuity can suggest, has failed to afford relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, glandular swellings, muscular contractions, cramps, toothache, &c., this powerful anti-inflammatory and pain-destroying agent immediately assuages the sufferer's agony and eventually accomplishes a radical cure. Probably there is not a connoisseur in horse-flesh or an amateur horseman in the land who does not know, either from personal observation or reports that the Mustang Liniment is the supreme remedy for all external diseases and injuries of the horse.

The Singer Sewing Machine is sold at $10 per month, and warranted for three years. Our interest not being second to the purchaser, we spare neither pains nor expense until the machines are thoroughly understood and used successfully. R. Straw & Co., No. 10 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh.

Obscene Literature in the Mails.

The Postmaster General having asked the opinion of Attorney General Williams as to whether the Postoffice authorities have a legal right to seize and prevent from being transmitted through the mails sealed letters and circulars supposed to contain obscene literature, the latter decides that no authority is conferred upon the Postmaster General or his subordinates by existing laws to detain such matter, but that it must be forwarded to the parties to whom addressed; neither has the Postmaster General nor his subordinates any authority to break the seals of letters or circulars placed in the Postoffice Department for transmission through the mails, although there may be a suspicion that they contain obscene literature. The Postoffice authorities have no right to open any letters addressed to persons other than themselves.

—A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied he, "for I vow you are as plump as a partridge." "At first," said the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but you are now actually making game of me."

The following composition has been turned out by an American scholar, aged nine years: "A boy without a father is an orphan, without a mother a double orphan, but the oftenest without a grandfather or a grandmother, and then he's an orphanist."

"Ven do you tink de world will come to an end?" asked a German. "Oh, probably in about three months," answered the joker. "Ho vell, I no cares for dat," exclaimed Hans, with a smile of satisfaction: "I be going to Puffalo dis spring."

Tax Collectors' Receipts, &c., for Sale.—We have just printed and have for sale, a lot of blank tax receipts, such as are given by borough and township collectors. We have also on hand, deeds, mortgages, executions, warrants, subpœnas, summons, bonds, &c., &c., all of which will be sold at the usual rates. tf

A Farm for a Store.—A first-class Dry Goods and Grocery Store in a good location, near to the best markets in this county—now doing a good business —can be had for a good farm. Store and building valued at from $15,000 to $20,000. The best reasons given for wanting to exchange. Apply to, or address Stevenson & Wittish, Beaver Falls, Pa. [je12;tf

For good buggies, wagons, carriages, spring wagons, sulkeys, buck-boards, &c., go to Ingraham Boyd's, near the depot, in Rochester. All orders promptly attended to. sept4;ly

Miscellaneous.

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The large circulation of the regular contributors of THE FIRESIDE COMPANION, among whom may be mentioned, EDMUND YATES, JOHN ELDERKIN, Mrs. SUMNER HAYDEN, CLARA PERCY, LUCY RANDALL COMFORT, EMILY FAITHFUL, MARY GRACE HALPINE, ELIZABETH DUDLEY, J. W. MACKEY, CAPTAIN CARLTON, [illegible] PAEON, S. W. PEARCE, GIL AIKEN, and TONY PASTOR, constitute a guarantee of the character and interest of its unique and comprehensive features, unequalled in variety—a fact which makes it acceptable to persons of the most opposite tastes.

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Every week there is a fresh and interesting review of the Fashion, and a valuable addition to the Family Circle in the form of receipts and suggestions entitled BREAKFAST, DINNER AND TEA; or The Housekeeper's Relief. Those humorously inclined will be more than satisfied with the exquisite treatment of the element of humor under the head of HUMOROUS DRIFT and OUR FUNNY CONTRIBUTORS, who, Bricktop will depict the laughable side of men and things. In fact, the amount of fun and laughter contained in these articles are worth, every week, far more than the price of the paper.

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This is and will continue to be one of the prominent features of the paper The contributions to this department are by the very foremost writers for children in the country. This alone makes THE FIRESIDE COMPANION invaluable to every household where there are children. We know of instances where the little ones insist upon having those articles read over and over again to them before the paper for the following week is issued.

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nov27;4w

Miscellaneous.

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Foundry & Repair Shop.

Having been Engaged in the Foundry Business for more than thirty years,—during which time I have accumulated a variety of useful patterns, besides constructing models and taking out patents for Improvements on

COOKING - STOVES

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The GREAT WESTERN has no Superior for this Locality.

STOVES!

Stoves of Different Styles for Heating and Cooking;

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Has the best Record of any Stove ever offered in this market.

IT TAKES LESS FUEL,
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In connection with the stove I have got up a Patent

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which occupies little room, no additional fuel, and is not liable to wear out, dispenses with all pipe, can be put on or taken off at any time, and made to suit all stoves of any size or pattern.

Five Hundred Persons

Who have purchased and used the

GREAT REPUBLIC COOKING STOVE,

Most of whose names have been published in the Argus, are confidently referred to, to bear witness of its superior merits as a cooking stove.

Having three first class engines on hand of about fifteen horse power capacity, they are offered to the public at reasonable rates.
JOHN THORNILEY
sept4tf.

Agents Wanted.

Wanted immediately, four active, energetic men, to act as Agents for the "NEW WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE in this county. Only such men as can give good reference as to character and ability, and furnish a Bond need apply. We will pay *guaranteed salaries, or liberal commissions, to proper men.* Only such men as really desire to enter the business need apply. WM. SUMNER & CO., No. 140 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. [mar6:ly

Duff's College. The oldest & most reliable Institution for obtaining a Mercantile Education. ☞ Practical business men as instructors. For information write for a Circular to P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburgh Pa. sep5:6m

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Fire Insurance Company.

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Wens, Moles, Warts, and Birth Marks
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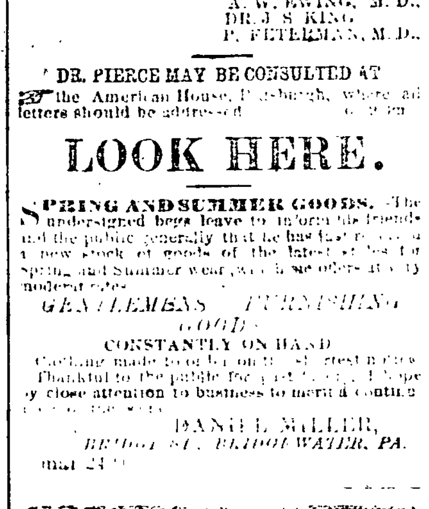

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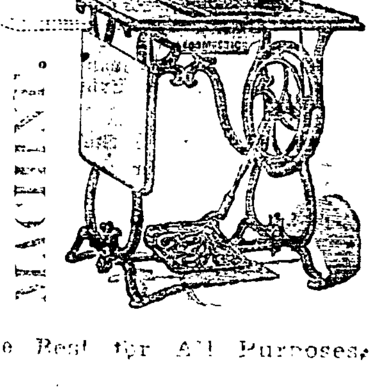

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Miscellaneous.

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Grateful for the very liberal patronage hitherto bestowed, I hope [illegible] legitimate business [illegible] of the same, but a large increase [illegible] Mr STEPHEN A. CRAIG [illegible] take applications [illegible] premium for the same [illegible]

CHAS. B. HURST.

[illegible]

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Has now in operation a new
SAW AND PLANING MILL
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Having the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of

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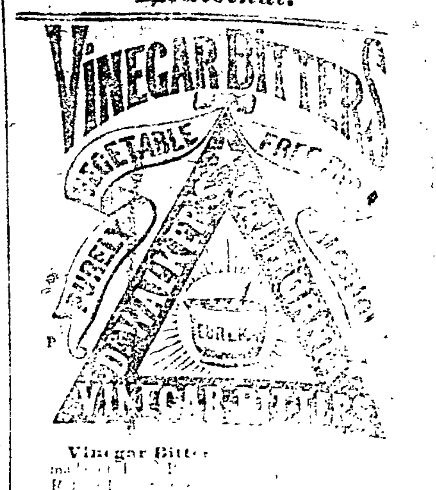

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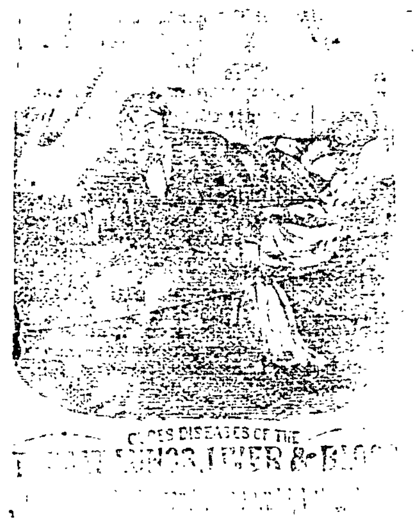

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